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THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A lonely Smile, which smiled in sadness,
Once hailed upon the passing breeze
A new-born Sigh, which sighed in gladness
To give a restless mate to ease.

The Smile and Sigh soon formed a union—
A union everlasting, blest—
Which, by heavenly communion,
Each worked to give the other rest.

Thus, mutually their toils relieving,
They lived in peaceful light and shade;
No petty quarrels, wrongs, or grieving
Of naught, not even Death, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,
Fate caused them for a time to part,
A bit of cheerful hope it took
To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the Sigh to heaven was carried
On angels golden wings one day,
While, sighing, the Smile on earth still tarried
And lent its charm to lifeless clay.

Till then, this world was often dreary
But since (the legend setteth,) Death's sigh gives Life unto the weary
Life's smile itself illumines Death.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

As for Mr. Venner, he had no desire to let Ada know that this is a world of sin and sorrow. There was something very fresh and shering in this clear, unequivocal faith of her's; then, too, he always felt better after witnessing it, though he sometimes shook his head sadly, and murmured:

"Let her enjoy while she can; she will learn it all too soon."

She had learned it sooner than he had thought; but by slow experience, as he had hoped she might, but by sudden and bitter sorrow. And who shall say that the blow was not a heavy one? What sorrow can equal that of the young? Like the destructive avalanche, it sweeps down on its unsuspecting victims, crushing them beneath its weight, even while smiles of joy are yet warm upon the fresh young lips. Thus Ada's first sorrow had come upon her. It had not quite crushed her, however, for youth is very tenacious of life, and at seventeen, let one's sorrow be what they may, one seldom ever wishes to die. Yet it was hard, very, very hard. Only yesterday she was a favorite of fortune, a pet of society—the beloved of one dearer to her than the whole world besides, whose love would grow cold when he saw her hurled from her proud polestal—to-day, she was poor, disgraced, with every hope and aspiration crushed, her life no better than a blank. There were no tears in her eyes; but she wrung her hands to agony, meaning like a wounded fawn. And the fire died out, and smouldered into ashes, the wind still sighed through the tree-tops, and the rain dripped on, and the first faint streaks of daylight slid softly into the room. Then she rose from her chair, and straightened her cramped and tired limbs, and, worn out in body and mind, threw herself on the bed to snatch, if possible, a few hours' repose. Her sleep was deep and dreamless, and when she awoke the sun was shining in a broad glare into the window.

The night's agony was gone; for sleep is a great healer of sorrow when one is young and strong, and in its place there was only a dull sense of pain. With an effort to shake off even this, she rose from the bed, and crossed the room to the window. Every cloud had disappeared, and the sky was of that intense blue common only to America and Italy. With the sunshine, hope came to her also. The agony of last night seemed the memory of a dark and bitter dream. Why had she been so foolish as to give up to melancholy thoughts because the night was gloomy? What right had she to doubt Harry Delmont when he had given her no cause? Let the world be what it might she would trust it while she could. Still she could not rid herself of that dull, heavy sense of pain; but smothering it as best she could, she hurried through her toilet and went down to the dining room. Her father came forward to meet her and kissed her good morning.

"We will have breakfast right away," he said: "your mother will not be down."

When breakfast was over they went to the library. He seated her as they entered the room, himself remaining standing. Two or three times he crossed the room with rapid step, and then stopped before her and said abruptly:

"Your mother; can we do nothing that will encourage her to bear this trial with more fortitude? She is really ill this morning, and declares herself unable to get up."

"I fear she is. I have done all I can. Mamma is old enough, however, to understand that that which can't be cured must be endured," she said, a flash of her old childish petulance breaking through the calm, steady demeanor she had assumed since the previous morning.

He smiled a very weary smile. "We must remember that mamma is very different from you, my love. There is very little of the stuff from which heroes are made in her composition, and we must try and bear with her. I am trying to arrange my affairs in a way that will cause the least commotion, but it is a little confusion as possible; so I shall be busy at the store until time for dinner. Try and amuse her and keep her mind off from her trouble as much as you can."

"There is no hope of saving our residence here, I suppose, papa? I care not for myself, but mamma would be better satisfied."

"None, whatever," Mr. Venner answered, slowly, as if loath to crush the little hope his daughter might have. "In it already heavily mortgaged, and if it were not, in our present circumstances, it would be impossible for us to keep up so princely a dwelling. I have one, however, that is unincumbered—not so stately a one as this, but very cosy and comfortable."

"The little cottage with pointed gables and green blinds which I admired so much the last time I was out riding with you?" inquired Ada; "the one with rows of trees on each side of the walks and the pretty evergreens in the garden?"

"The same," answered Mr. Venner. "It is quite remote from the business part of the city. The street cars run near it, however, which is an advantage at least."

"Oh, it will be a delightful home!" Ada said, with honest enthusiasm." I am sure I shall like it, and I shall try and prevail on mamma to like it, and we shall be so contented and so quiet, that we shall soon forget that we ever had a home like this."

Quiet! There was a charm in the very word. To Mr. Venner's ears it was as a strain of sweet music. It was the very thing for which he had sighed all those years, and but for the loss of his hard-earned wealth he would have rejoiced that there was a hope of gaining it at last.

"God bless you my brave child," he said, tenderly. "You have more than fulfilled my hopes of you Ada, and I thank Heaven for giving me such a daughter."

"Don't have too much confidence in me, papa," Ada answered, very humbly. "I have very weak sometimes almost rebellious, I fear, though I try very hard to look on the bright side of things."

"We all have our weak moments while under affliction, my child," he answered, gently. "Heaven grant that you may never have worse affliction than the loss of position and wealth, and I can endure it."

She knew of what he was thinking, and her heart grew heavy as lead.

"If a worse affliction come to me," she answered, with quivering lips, "I shall bear it as best I can. I have learned in the last two days that this is all we can do."

When her father had left her, she went up to her mother's room, but found her still in bed—still bewailing her sad fate.

"Are you better this morning, mamma?" Ada said, in her clear, bell-like voice, bending over and kissing her.

"Better?" she ejaculated with a jerk, which made Ada give an involuntary start, "you talk as if I were suffering physical pain. My sufferings are of the mind, not of the body. I shall never be better in this world, for my sorrow will be continually augmented instead of lightened. I shall be slighted even by those whom I have raised by my influence to their present position in society. The few clothes I now possess, will soon be out of fashion, and I shall look like a fashion plate of the seventeenth century. I want you to go immediately to Madame Lavoste's and get my new bonnet, and order my dress sent 'house from Wentworth's as it is finished. I ordered crimson velvet for reverse to my dress. See that it is of the best quality,and that the trimming is put on a la parisienne. Oh, dear! poor me! This is my last dress—my last bonnet! Adieu la voiture! adieu la bonitique!"

Mrs. Venner had a small stock of French and Latin phrases which she had learned by heart, and which she practiced, or rather rehearsed at home, so as to be able to use them at ease in society, and this last one she deemed peculiarly applicable to her own case. She was, indeed, suffering, as deeply, at least,as such natures can suffer. She was feminine to the heart's core, so fearfully weak of the spirit of Eve in her to long most for that which was denied her, and she lay there with tears freely flowing, a really pitiable sight. The world she had left or was just leaving looked wonderfully beautiful in the golden light of distance, as all things beautiful do, even if we have never prized them before. But she had prized this world she was leaving. It was the only god she had worshipped. It was all light and color—a source of endless delight; a thing of beauty, hence a "joy forever." She made no effort to get up. She lay there seemingly as helpless as an infant, and certainly displaying as little judgment.

The hours dragged slowly by. There were no callers, for a wonder—a blessing for which Ada was truly thankful. It was one drop of comfort in her bitter cup, for she had felt all day that if anyone should call, she should be obliged to resort to that innocent feminine convenience—"not at home."

Evening came with its stillness and gloom, and shadows, and retinue of sad thoughts, which night invariably brings to the sorrowing, and with these came Harry Delmont. Ada said nothing to her mother when his card was handed in, but slipping from the room, made a few changes in her toilet and went down to meet him. He was standing by the piano turning over some music when she entered the parlor, and looking up with a glad smile came forward to greet her. She had thought she could be very calm, self-possessed; but she had been too poorly schooled in the art of deception to hide the tumult of feelings raging in her heart. She trembled—her lips were dry—she tended hand, and face white as marble, and trembling limbs which almost refused to support her. He took her hand in his—it was cold as ice.

"What is the matter, Ada? Why are you so pale? You are ill, my darling?" he said, still holding her hand, and looking anxiously down into her face.

"No, I am not ill; I am quite well, thank you," she said with an effort.

"You must not fall ill," he said, in a lighter tone, though the pain still had that anxious look in them. "I have come to ask the pleasure of your company for my sister's reception tomorrow evening. And Madame's soiree; you must not miss that. Not that I care for it particularly; however, it will be the most brilliant event of the season, and those things still retain their freshness for you, and I shall be glad to see you enjoy it."

"It is impossible, Harry!" she gasped, clasping her hands and looking up pleadingly into his face. "I cannot go with you to-morrow evening, and I was just trying to raise courage to write you a note, asking you to release me from my engagement with you for Madam's soiree, when your card was handed me."

He looked at her in unfeigned surprise.

"Is it possible that I understand you rightly, Ada? Not going with me to Madam's soiree? What can all this mean?"

How she told him she hardly knew, but it was told at last, and she was really ever-sensible too of another feeling that seemed, to benumb all her faculties, and almost stifle the action of her heart. There was a sense of loss, as if something had suddenly dropped out of her life, leaving a cold blank space that could never be filled. Gradually she came to know what this was. He had listened to her story with all the kindness of a very dear brother, had given her a brother's sympathy, but not one morsel of love! The whole atmosphere of the room had changed. There was a coldness, a restraint which she could not overcome and which she felt was not all on her part. There is a language without sounds—a language silent but more effective than words by which virtuous maids carry on a interchange of thought and feeling, and through this electric medium the pure knowledge was conveyed to her that what she had told Harry Delmont had materially altered his feelings toward her. All day her mother's mocking words had haunted her, and now her lover's look and manner were the vesper bell of her hopes. Had earth nothing which was good and loyal? Were the words of the poet: "There is nothing true but Heaven," virtually true? If so, what a dark, hopeless, loveless life was hers. She could not blind her eyes to the truth. He was the same courtly gentleman she had known so long, but he was no longer her tender, devoted lover who had sympathized with her every thought and feeling; and during the hour he was with her nothing but her pride saved hers, more than once, from bursting into tears.

There is a certain point of sorrow which, when reached, brings to natures such as Ada's a sort of stony calm, which is not indifference, but exactly its opposite. Every sense and feeling is pregnant with a dull, hopeless anguish, which in itself is but little short of temporary madness. Ada soon reached this point. She saw that her idol was shattered. She saw in this man, on whom she had lavished every pure and holy feeling, the destroyer of here fondest hopes—the one who had thrown a dark and desolating blight on her future; yet, though she despised the weak and volatile nature of the man, she could not cease to love him. He had given limitless wealth of his faithlessness; nothing could change that; he could never be more to her than he now was; and if he would only leave her now, she would ask for nothing more. Still, there was something sweet in the thought that he would know that she had loved him with a disinterested love—loved him with all a woman's wealth of tenderness, of unwearying devotion, and concentrated affection.

With a sigh of relief, she saw him rise to go. She allowed him to take her hand and raise it to his lips—he always did that—but he she did not raise her eyes. Time was, though it seemed very long ago to her now, when at a dance from him her own eyes met his. He had not spoken a word since he took her hand, and how long he had stood there she did not know; but to her the intense silence was becoming unbearable. All the noise and confusion of Babel would have been no worse than this. Unable to restrain herself longer, she looked up, not to read his thoughts, but to see if he really were not turned to stone beside her. Their eyes met. If she had read his rightly, her heart had leapt for joy, for they were filled with infinite tenderness, infinite pity, infinite love. But her powers of intuition were for the time concerned, had died a natural death with her first doubt of him. In his face she saw nothing but a cowardly fear of telling her the truth. And this was the man she had loved! All her pride rose up at the thought. She drew herself proudly up, her dark dilated eyes fastened on his face, a smile a ineffable scorn playing round her firmly set lips. He winced as if she had struck him; then he affected not to notice it, and said, almost gaily: "I was going away without your playing for me. I thought I was forgetting something. You will play for me now, will you not?" It was the old, familiar tone, and its music thrilled her as no words of his had done that night. There was the frank, genial face, noble in every outline, with just a shade of gentleness in the lustrous changeful eyes, and a slight sign of pain about the expressive mouth. She let her glance dwell on him a moment longer, her eyes softening as she looked. Her perception were naturally very quick. She saw that he was battling hard against some inward impulse, and true to her woman's nature she forgave him for his cowardice at least at that moment she could have thrown herself at his feet and asked forgiveness for any word or act of hers that had given him pain.

"I must go soon; will you play for me?"

There was the same rich melody in his voice, the same tenderness in his eyes. She could not have refused him if she had tried, and almost against her will, allowed him to lead her to the piano. She ran her fingers mechanically over the keys, with a longour very foreign to her sprightly nature. Her thoughts were evidently straying. She lasted but a moment, however—only while she played a mournful prelude; then she drew a deep inspiration as if to gain strength, and burst forth in one of Bethoven's sweet and solemn melodies, full of tenderness, pathos, and love, and passion, and so mournfully sweet with consolation. A plainly perceptible change passed over her face as she played. The music mournful as it was, had soothed her lacerated spirit. He saw it and breathed more freely.

When the piece was finished she did not offer to play longer, but rose resolutely from the piano. He had no excuse for staying longer, and she thought, perhaps, no desire to stay. He took his hat and she accompanied him to the door.

"I shall call soon again," he said, "and in the meantime keep up good courage. Things may not be so bad as they now seem."

It was the same practical tone in which he had first offered his sympathy. Then that gleam of tenderness, of love, of pain, which she had thought she saw when he asked her to play for him, was but fairy gold which had turned to dust at her touch. In the same tone he bade her good-night; then as if moved by some powerful impulse, turned and touched his lips to her white brow. A great joy thrilled her for a second, but it was gone as quickly as it had come. He had given her this for a sort of comforter, perhaps, to let her know that there was yet a little love in his heart for her—a little love that his pride had not yet conquered. She trembled from head to foot with suppressed indignation. She looked after him as he turned away with a fiery scorn in her eyes; then raising one white hand, on which glistened Harry Delmont's ring, she dashed it violently across her forehead as if she would obliterate even the memory of that caress. She could live without him and she would! Still she stood in the open door, with the cold moonlight streaming in upon her, watching him as he walked briskly away, a perfect type of manly grace and strength. And with his kiss upon her brow, and the echo of his good-night in her ears, she looked up at the star-studded sky, and vowed to tear every vestige of love for Harry Delmont from her heart, even if her heart broke in doing it.

CHAPTER IV.
ADA'S DIAMONDS.

The crash had come at last, and it was known throughout the city the great dry-goods house of L. M. Venner had failed. Everything was done very quietly, however—for the sharpsighted creditors are slow to move—and it determined to give them every dollar, or its equivalent, that was justly theirs, and kindly spared his feelings so far as to say no more about the matter than was strictly necessary. Mr. Venner turned over his elegant residence, with the furniture, which was nearly new, keeping back nothing but what was absolutely necessary for the comfort of his new home, and thus saving himself and family the mortification of a public auction. Mr. Venner had consented to giving up her palatial home for a plainer one, though not without many tears and complainings against her hard fate. Whilst the change was being made she declared herself unable to leave her room or even to be troubled about anything, and Ada took the burden on herself, finding work a very pleasant sedative to bitter thoughts.

A week found them settled in their new home, the household consisting of Mrs. and Mr. Venner, Ada and Judith, who of his faithlessness, nothing could change that; he could never be more to her than he now was; and if he would only leave her now, she would ask for nothing more. Still, there was something sweet in the thought that he would know that she had loved him with a disinterested love—loved him with all a woman's wealth of tenderness, of unwearying devotion, and concentrated affection.

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A week found them settled in their new home, the household consisting of Mrs. and Mr. Venner, Ada and Judith, who in his capacity of housekeeper in the family for the past ten years at least. In this matter Mrs. Venner had not been too ill to give part opinion, and when she brought down to keeping one servant only, that one should be Judith. Mr. Venner and Ada had had their own way in everything else; in this matter, however, his wife would have her way. She was not going to bake and boil and stew, and if they expected it of her they should be most sadly disappointed. Mr. Venner could not disgrace himself by turning pettifogger, as he had already announced his intention of doing, and Ada by teaching music or wax work, as she probably would do, but she wanted it distinctly understood that she could not take of her dignity and put it on again, as people do a Sunday garment, and if they never had a meal till she cooked it, or it could be cooked under her direction, they would wait a good while for it. How they disposed of the other servants she did not care; but wherever she went Judith should go, and that was all there was of it.

This suited all whom it concerned, and things seemed to be working admirably until one evening, only the second after their removal to their new home, when Mr. Venner came in with clouded brow. He had hoped to be, when all was settled, a free man—the owner of the roof that sheltered him, if nothing more. Then he would go back to his old profession, and picking up the broken thread of his life where he had dropped it fifteen years before, to step in o a position more lucrative, he would strive by honest industry to lay the foundation for regaining his lost wealth. The first step, which had been going on for several days was finished, and he found that it would take no inconsiderable sum viewed from his stand point, to make him what he deemed a free man; and with weary steps and clouded brow, he had made his way homeward.

"What is it that troubles you, papa?" Ada asked, laying her hand upon his arm.

She had learned to read his face during those dark days, and she saw plainly that something unusual had occurred since the morning.

"Nothing very terrible when compared with our other misfortunes," he answered, trying to speak cheerfully. "The inventory is finished, and I am still in debt. I had hoped that when all the finishing touches for the house at least a house which we might call our own."

"Oh!" Ada said, with a little cry of pain, "are we indeed so poor? What shall you do, papa?"

"Work my way out, I suppose. I should care but little about it only I cannot expect to make more than a living for the first few months, and I should like to be entirely free from debt."

"A bright thought has come to me, papa," she said; "would not they bring enough to liquirate the debt? Mrs. Nealy admired them so much. And she says her brother has promised her a set just like them for the holidays. I think I can sell them to her."

"Oh! no, no," he said, shivering, as if her proposal touched on of his poverty; "I could not have you sell your diamonds, Ada."

"And why, papa? I have other jewelry good enough to wear anywhere that I shall go, and I shall be so glad to help you. And you know, with her old cowing manner, "you need never to deny me anything and please don't refuse me this which would give me so much pleasure."

"Do as you like," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "Remember, however, that I do not wish you to part with your diamonds if you have the least desire to keep them."

"Trust me for that, papa.

And with a strangely happy feeling at her heart, she left him to assist Judith in some household affair.

"Is it the consciousness of doing right that makes my heart so light?" she asked herself. "If so, there is more happiness in giving than receiving."

The next morning she went into the city to call on Mrs. Nealy. The air was pure, cold and exhilarating, and as she tripped along over the crisp snow, she inhaled new life and strength and spirits with every breath. Misfortune had not crushed the poetry from her nature, for she looked up at the blue sky and murmured:

"The blue heavens, the pure air, the bright sunshine, and the beautiful snow are still mine. Death alone can separate us; with all these blessings who would be miserable?"

Mrs. Nealy received her with uniform kindness. "Why, where have you kept yourself so long, my dear? I have not seen you for an age. You were not even out to Mademoiselle's soiree. And you missed so much by staying away. I assure you it was the most recherche thing of the season. Do sit down, my dear; it seems really like old times to see you again."

"Thank you," Ada said, accepting the proffered seat. "You will please excuse this early call, as I came up a little matter of business, and it will probably be as well if I lay it before you at once. You have heard of our changed circumstances, of course?"

"Never till last night, my dear. Strange, wasn't it? I think there has been but little said about it, and I am truly glad of it. Misfortunes, be they ever so light, are hard enough to bear, without one's name being made the gossip of every idle tongue. I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with you all. And your mamma dear, how does she bear the blow?"

"Mamma is quite ill; you know she is never very well," Ada rejoined, turning over in her mind, even whilst she spoke, Mrs. Nealy's avowal that she had heard nothing of the matter till the night before, never doubting herself that she had known all about it for a week at least.

"No, I know she is very delicate," replied Mrs. Nealy. "Give her my love and tell her to come soon and spend the day with me. My time is very much taken up just now, or I should certainly call on her; however, she can come here, which will do as well."

Ada's cheek flushed. She knew that Mrs. Nealy would make it convenient not to call, and that after this morning all association between them would cease, as her mother would not call upon Mrs. Nealy, now that there circumstances were so changed, without Mrs. Nealy first calling and inviting her.

"Mamma did not know I was coming out," Ada said, after a few moments conversation with Mrs. Nealy, as I will tell you why I came. You remember my diamonds?" she added, drawing a dainty jewel case from her pocket, and disclosing the sparkling jewels to Mrs. Nealy's admiring gaze. "I shall have little use for them now, and I came to see if you will buy them."

"Oh, the beauties!" cried Mrs. Nealy, lifting them from their velvet cushion and holding them up to the light. "Mr. Nealy is at home, too; how lucky! I will go right up and show them to him. But I shall want to tell him the price; what do you ask for them, dear?"

Ada named her price.

"They are splendid," Mrs. Nealy said, holding them up to the light again. "But is not that rather high, dear? You know when one buys a thing second-hand, one always expects to get it much cheaper."

"I suppose so," Ada answered, a little wonderingly. That, however, is much less than papa paid for them, and I cannot take less than the price I have named.

While Ada was speaking, Mr. Nealy entered the room. Mrs. Nealy welcomed him with a smile. There was a marked contrast between the two. He was grand, noble and intellectual, whilst she was weak, volatile, very pretty, and a perfect doll of fashion. His greatest fault was very certainly Mrs. Nealy held up the diamonds.

"See!" she said. "You will buy them for me, will you not? Miss Ada wishes to sell them. They have been worn only a few times, and enough to injure them a particle. The price, however, will frighten you, I know."

"Why" he asked, taking them from her hand and laying them around her white neck to mark the effect, "is the price greater than we should have to pay at the jeweller's?"

"Oh, dear, no; only if one buys an article second hand, one should get it much below the original price, you know."

"Yes, if the article be worn or injured in any way; but you say these are not. If I understand rightly, Miss Venner offers her jewels for a sum much below their original cost, not because she thinks them worth less, but because she would rather have the money than the diamonds. Am I right, Miss Venner?"

"Oh, yes," responded Ada, quickly. "I shall have no use for the diamonds, and the money will help my father a great deal just now."

"I am very sorry your father's misfortune," he continued in a tone of real sympathy. "He will return to his old profession he tells me. I am glad to hear it, for I have some business of particular import to me which I wish him to attend to, as soon as he can do so, and I have spoken to several of my friends, who will place their whole business in his hands."

Ada's eyes filled with tears of gratitude. Her sensitive nature recognized the difference between that sympathy which shows itself in generous acts, and that of words alone, which, like the sun in winter, has nothing as soon as it leaves its native element.

"And what about the diamonds?" Mrs. Nealy asked, looking up at him in her pretty childish way.

He smiled down upon her much as does an indulgent parent on a spoiled but very dear child. He loved this pretty butterfly of fashion, which would perish, strange to say, if undeniable fact that strong intellectual men almost invariably chose weak, insipid, volatile women for life companions.

"Well, as I have been so foolish as to promise you a set of diamonds," he said, playfully, "I cannot see that it matters materially whether I get them this morning or two or three weeks from now. So, as these please you, and are exactly what you want, we have only to give Miss Venner her price for them, and your happiness is made. Would that every poor soul could purchase happiness so easily," he added, smiling.

And sitting down to a table he made out a check for the amount and placed it in Ada's hands.

"You are very, very kind, Mr. Nealy," Ada said, gratefully. "I cannot find words to thank you."

"No thanks are necessary," he answered, kindly. "Will you oblige me by saying to your father that I wish to see him on a matter of business, and if he can spare a few moments for a consultation, I will meet him at the store at three o'clock precisely.

Ada willingly consented to deliver the message, and with the precious check in her hand rose to go.

"Come again," Mrs. Nealy said, at the door. "I am so glad you brought the diamonds to me first. And you'll not speak of my buying them of you, will you dear? One does not care to have one's friends know that one is wearing second-hand jewelry, you know."

With a light heart Ada hurried homeward. It seemed to her that the dinner hour was never so long in coming. Never before had she had so much of the little broom clock moved so provokingly slow. The hour came at last, however, and as Mr. Venner entered the house, Ada met him and placed the check in his hands.

"You are an angel, my child," Mr. Venner ejaculated, half wonderingly, whilst he pressed her to his heart with a father's fond affection.

"A fallen one, perhaps," returned Ada, her laugh ringing out loud and merrily. "An angel! how absurd, papa! Had mamma heard you she would declare you had taken leave of your senses."

CHAPTER V.
BREAKING LOVE'S FETTERS.

Mr. Venner had taken an office and furnished it comfortably, and once more "L. M. Venner, Attorney-at-Law," glittered from a signboard over his door.

And now when things had settled down into something like their accustomed routine, Ada had time to think. Not that she had not thought; for every hour of her life she had burned with shame and indignation, as some one who had sought her society in the days of her prosperity and flattered her that no party or gathering was complete without her, passed her now with a cool nod of recognition, or more likely, without speaking at all.

Only twice had she seen Harry Delmont. He had been very kind and cordial, but nothing more.

Whilst her mind had been employed with devising plans for lightening her father's burden and making home look bright and cheerful, and whilst the sternness of change was upon her, it was only occasionally that she gave way to bitter reflections. Then there were deluges of tears and burst of wounded pride and love, and then, suddenly as it had come would throw herself, face down, upon the bed, or upon the floor of her own room, in the very abandon of sorrow, and try to hate the world and Harry Delmont, and resolve that she would never go outside her own home again. No, not even the bright sunshine, nor the flowers she loved so well should tempt her from her self-imposed imprisonment, for the lips and of the world had tainted them also, and they, too, should turn against her. And lying there with eyes covered to shut out even the dim light streaming in from the room, she would bury herself in some loved haunt, with heart and soul going out to the beauties of nature, and the sunshine gleaming bright and golden through the trees and morning dew-drops, writhing serpents at her feet, and the flowers that had always seemed to brighten at her approach withering at her touch, and all nature, as it had drooped from their fair future, turning to clouds and darkness. Her naturally buoyant spirits would soon rise above these storm clouds, however, and her poetic soul come out the brighter for its temporary submergence beneath the waves of darkness. She was too proud to let others know that she suffered, and was determined to look fresh and bright and cheerful, and not even her parents should know that she ever shed a tear which she could be held only with golden fetters. And to this end she sought the bright sunshine and the star lit sky, and the murmuring river. And her eyes once more grew bright, or her laugh less merry than in the halcyon days of her prosperity.

Her father was glad to see her throw care to the winds so lightly; for men are easily duped in these things; moreover, there is a subtle vein of philosophy in most men's natures which blind them to the fact that a true woman's love may be subdued, but only dies with her life. She was too young to love with a sincere affection he thought, and he had been foolish to ever trouble himself about it. If her step was slow he thought her weary, and Mrs. Venner was too occupied mourning over her own fallen hopes to notice whether her daughter was merry or sad.

Day and night Mrs. Venner bewailed her fate. She was an outcast from society, cut off from all pleasant associations, and all that make life desirable. She did not blame the world. How could they? Was her whom she had fallen so low. And instead of rising above those petty trifles as a more sensible woman would have done, instead of scorning the narrow codes and cobweb-like social rules which placed her on a level with the low and vulgar, she only loved them the more, and after the manner of all brainless women, made herself as uncomfortable as possible, and did all in her power to make others the same. If she only had some claim to social distinction—some title hereditary smatter of nobility which society would not dare treat with indifference, her fate would seem less hard. Even a name by which she might command respect would be something. If only her husband's name had been Douglass, or Stuart, or even if it began with 'de la' to give it flavor of French, there would be some hope. But who ever heard of a Venner doing or being anything remarkable? Or, her own side of the house she was very sure there was never even a suspicion of nobility, as there was no hope in that direction. Hope never quite deserts us, however, thanks to Pandora, and Mrs. Venner determined to question her husband very carefully, regarding his ancestors hoping to unearth something that would lighten her ponderous burden. She did so that very evening, and learned to her infinite disgust that there were Joneses, and Brownes, and Clarks, and Smiths, but not a single name that even smacked of nobility. Mrs. Venner could do no more. She must go back to the sackcloth and ashes of her discomfort, and wallowing in this miserable slough of poverty with the garden of the Hesperides just in sight, spend her life in longing for the golden apples just beyond her reach.

Fortune had kindly sheltered Mr. Venner from many of the trials and inconveniences that invariably follow an unfavorable change of circumstances. He had been obliged to sell fewer of no ones, hence he was spared the mortification of refusal, and his sterling worth and integrity were a passport which, though circumstances obliged him to mingle with those who had smiled on him in better days, even they found and trust him other than with respect. Then, too, when many of his former friends waited anxiously for the slow wheel of fortune to turn and drop them a few crumbs in the way of work, his seemed to flow in on a full tide, not only a few crumbs but a good deal, he was overrun with business. For this life, Venner was truly thankful, though Mrs. Venner declared that she could see nothing to be thankful for, and felt it a hard thing to be living. It would be a very poor one that Providence—even for himself, which, taken into consideration Mrs. Venner's domestic habits, and inability to cook anything but everything like work, could not well have been otherwise than true.

Ada the time passed slowly. She had to work hard for a living, and the dull and insipid flatterion of what is called "good society." Those had dazzled her while she was ignorant of their worthlessness, for all that, clouding to her eyes when once the veil was torn from them, and she was separated from them. Now, she saw them a vapor which melts away at the first fronts of adversity, she wondered that things so vain and worthless could have made her the slaves even for so short a time. She was not at all vain. She could not realize how far above this world of fashion she had always stood, even whilst she moved in it. Loving the pure and true, and scorning all that was false, she never dreamed that the heeled words which fell from smiling lips are oftener than otherwise the offspring of deception, and though she saw now that she was not of their world, she knew not how far she was removed from them.

She had taken very kindly to the quiet life that had been here of late, for the bohemian freedom from all social restraint rather suited her poetic nature. She longed for the Summer with its wealth of music and flowers and light. To her ear no music was so sweet as the songs of the birds—the murmuring river—no picture half so fair as those drawn by nature's liberal hand. "It is not so terrible to be poor," she had said over and over again to herself. Yet there was a a thorn in her heart which never ceased its rankling. She had loved, had trusted implicitly, and had been cruelly deceived.

To the old, who have seen life's brightest visions resolve into disappointments, who have tasted the pomegranates of life over and over again, only to have them turn to Dead Sea fruit on the lips, one disappointment more does not seem hard. But to the young, whose visions never fade but float away into airy distance, seemingly only to invite pursuit, whose hearts are tender and whose laughter has never chilled the rosy lips, it is hard, very hard, to have the first dream of love blighted. And, though the cynic may laugh, he dare not look back, least on his own heart he see the impress of a first love, which may have changed the whole current of his life.

For several weeks Ada had been left almost to herself. They were not troubled with callers now, for they had dropped from their native sphere, much as a star falls from its azure height—thought of for a moment only, then forgotten eternitely as it is never had been.

Ada had thought much of late, and had determined to yield no more to wild and bitter grief, but to face the truth bravely. There was but one thing she could do towards breaking the fetters with which love had bound her, and this she decided to do without delay. That night when she went to her room, she sat down to force herself little French exercises, to look at the wonderful working of the fresh from a photographic string, and one or two articles of jewelry. Then she took up the picture and gazed at it long and earnestly. The clear, dark eyes looked upon her with truth and love. The manly smiled at her that earnest half sad smile with which he always greeted her of late. Ah! what an amount of tender light surrounded the picture! And those were the eyes, the lips that had so cruelly deceived her. Oh! it was so hard! so hard! All her pride was gone now—she could not bring up one bitter thought against him with truth and love. She had not dashed with bitter the sweetest cup of her life to the cup which he himself had held to her lips. She was miserable, utterly miserable. She threw down letters and picture, and buried her face in her hands, and thought no one felt as keenly the young when, for the first time, comes the conviction that the flowery meads of life are not always fresh and sun touched clouds and soft Summer breezes of life are but a worthless mirage which gladdens the eye for a moment only to melt away into sandy distance.

It was some time before Ada succeeded in rousing herself to thought and action. Then she laid her head down on her folded arms and wept bitterly.

"Why was I given a heart formed for loving, if the recompense is so cruel?" she moaned. "And I was so richly blessed. And now—"

With another burst of sorrow she lifted the article-one by one, pressed them to her lips and laid them together. Then she did them upin a small package, directed it, and laid it aside to be given to her father for mailing in the morning. The last link between herself and Harry Delmont was severed. She felt this, and keenly too, as she stood at her father's side the next morning, looking a trifle paler than her usual wont, and a suspicion of pain deep down in her hazel eye.

"Will you mail those letters for me, papa, and these?" she said, producing the package. He glanced at the superscription; then at her somewhat doubtfully.

"Say nothing, papa, please," she pleaded, "it is better so."

He put the package in his pocket, and, kissing her tenderly,hurried away, a vague feeling of disappointment tugging at his heart. He had flattered himself that Ada cared nothing for Harry Delmont. This morning he had dis-

covered his mistake, and his heart grew very hard toward the man who had trifled with the happiness of his only child. He could not ask an explanation of him, he was too proud for that, but if anything came of it—if this love blighted her happiness—he clinched his hands tightly, and muttered something down in the muffler round his neck.

There had been a long, intensely cold and stormy spell, which was being followed by an almost miraculous calm. It seemed as if the balmy skies and soft, warm sunshine of the South had condescended to visit her frost-stricken sister for a time, even in the midst of Winter. On one of these pleasant evenings, Ada sat in the bay-window of the little parlor, watching an array of gorgeous clouds floating idly about the descending sun. The house stood on an eminence of ground, which afforded a fine view of the city, and sloping gently down to the river, showed the magnificent Hudson, winding like a long blue ribbon between its picturesque banks. She had thrown the window open, and the soft glow of the sunshine rested like a coronet on the fair head, and lighted up the proud intellectual face, which, with all its pride, was soft and tender in its expression; not marked by thought, or hard, as intellectual faces so often are. She made a very pretty picture sitting there, with the genial twilight spreading itself over the fair young face, and trembling on the clear-cut sensitive lips, until it had resolved itself into words: "If only he had been true to me, I would desire for nothing else," she said, in a half whisper. "No, I would ask no better life than this, if shared with him."

She turned her eyes full on the glowing sunset, marking all its gorgeous tints, its lights and shadows and variations, with the quick perception of one accustomed to living with nature; then on the city, bathed in the soft refulgent light; then at the tall trees catching the pristine hues on their long branches and dropping them as carefully as if they were possessed of life, into the sparkling waters below. Bending her ear to catch the murmur of the majestic waters, she listened long and silently with lips apart, and that dreamy look in the deep hazel eyes, which characterizes the poetic temperament.

"It is grand! magnificent!" she murmured, "and oh, how can one believe, whilst looking on all this, that the world is full of crime and sorrow?"

So absorbed was she that she did not hear approaching footsteps until they were close beside her, and Harry Delmont's voice addressed her. She rose to her feet, white, slender, stately. Thus she stood for a moment in the halo of the sunset's radiance; then with a frank ease that characterized all her movements, she extended her hand in welcome.

There was none of the self-consciousness common to young girls about Ada Venner. She never thought of herself when in the presence of others, hence she was never bashful, never forward, and always a lady. People had wondered where the child had learned this grace and perfect ease of manner. With many these things are acquired, with Ada, however, they were innate. There was something classic, some antique charm about the girl, which one could scarcely describe, though it was not unlike that which lingers about the rare old pictures of the brave, heroic women of vanished ages. There was a marked individuality, a certain grandeur about her, which one could not fail to notice. Had Ada Venner been reared in a peasant's hovel, she would have still borne herself like a princess.

"I was so lost in the sunset when you came up that you almost startled me; when one wakes from contemplating a scene like that," she said, pointing westward, "one can only wonder by what magic one has been brought back to the common things of earth."

"I am constrained to doubt that you are really come back yet, that is, if I must judge from your eyes," he said, with a smile.

Her cheek paled a little, but she caught her breath hard, and was herself again.

"Why need one wish to come back?" she asked, with that love for the ideal the strongest element in her nature, save honor, thrilling through her tones. "There is enchantment—the deathless rose, the golden lights and changing shadows and colors that poets write about and artists strive to imitate. When I am there I am happy. Here—well, I am happy here," she added, a slight flush suffusing her face, and the wistful light of romance fading slowly out from her eyes, "but it is all so different."

"I understand," he said gently. "These are things we love—light and warmth and sunshine, the delicate odors and soft resplendent hues of the rainbow, and whilst sipping this celestial lethe, we wander still farther into this glorious Eden, and forget that there are such things as mental clouds and tempests, or a cold, practical world wherein there are so few who are even capable of straying with us through that bright ideal world."

She drew a deep, long sigh.

"That is it," she said. And she knew that no one had ever understood her as he did; that no one else had ever touched the hidden springs of her soul, and made them give back sound for sound, and for a moment its tender radiance filled the lustrous eyes, and so transfigured the face, that for once it was really beautiful.

Few women ever loved as Ada Venner loved. If it is a sad sight to see two joined together without love to make the yoke light, it is as infinitely sad to see a love, pure and holy, poured out like water, only to meet with no response.

Then came the sharp pain which remembrance brings to us all at times, unless our souls, so to speak, are dead within us. He was nothing to her now. She had no right to love him, and why allow him this subtle influence over her? He was wholly unworthy of her love; why not make one grand effort and cast him from her heart forever? But with all her moral worth, Ada was only human, and a woman; and what excuses are there that a woman will not find for the man she loves? And woman-like, Ada began to frame excuses for wearing the fetters she could not break. It was not the Harry Delmont of to-day that she loved, but what Harry Delmont had seemed before this great change had come to him. If he should offer to make her his wife to-day, she would scorn him and his proffered love. She would never trust where she had once been betrayed. No, never.

When she spoke again her voice was perfectly calm. Not even a tremor ran through her clear tones.

"I wonder if it is really true that those enchanted realms are all the vagaries of imagination," she said, looking off on the great banks of color now sending up shafts of a thousand different lights from the gorgeous West. "I wonder if truth, and purity, and fidelity, are—only so far as outward show is concerned—the mere vapors of that enchanted world, living only in idle vows and poets' dreams? Is it all as vapory as the vaunted chivalry of Tannhauser, who, after winning the love of the faithful Lisaura, who in the end proved her devotion with her life, cast her aside for the fatal enchantments of the Venusberg?"

"But we should not judge the world by Tannhauser," he remonstrated, quickly. "He was no more than a drop in the ocean, you know."

"A very important drop, however," she returned, with the nearest approach to a sneer her face ever bore. "He is represented as a very noble and [illegible] knight. We will not talk of him, [illegible]"

blue the river looks yonder. At this time last year we had excellent skating."

How quickly the light of interest had faded from her eyes. Was she only acting? Had she too learned this great, grand lesson of the world? He moved uneasily in his seat. The thought had more of bitter in it than he was willing to own, even to himself.

After a few moments' conversation, he produced the package she had sent him.

"You sent me this," he said. "I have been away from home, and did not get it till this evening. I had hoped that you cared enough for the articles to keep them. You do not renounce my friendship also, I hope; you will let me come sometime, will you not?"

His tones were strangely pleading for those of a lover who had made such persistent efforts to free himself from the chains which honor had imposed upon him. She raised her eyes and looked into his face; the earnest, frank, loyal nature of the girl, striving to read the true motive and meaning of the man, and failing, as non-artificial natures always do. It was her turn to wonder if he were not practicing the world's grand lesson.

She had no wish to play "diamond cut diamond," and for a moment she hardly knew how to answer him. But this she believed: he had offered his friendship, hoping this to lighten the blow he had given her. She knew it were better that he should come no more, but if she told him so, he would be vain enough to think she dared not trust her own heart. All her pride rose up at the thought. Her lips curled slightly, and there was a tinge of the scorn she felt in her voice as she answered:

"Mr. Delmont may do as he chooses. We are quite secluded here, and, so far as I myself am concerned, very well contented. If Mr. Delmont thinks he can while away an idle hour pleasantly with us, I have no objections to his coming."

She was too proud to make further allusion to her changed circumstances. With her high sense of honor she could not see why they should affect her personally. What need was there for comment or apologies? She was Ada Venner before the change came; she was Ada Venner still! Her cool, courteous manner piqued him, and she witnessed the fact not without a little glow of feminine triumph. This, however, was gone in a moment. She was too noble for petty revenge, and she hastened to make amends by changing the subject.

There was no voice half so sweet to her as his—no smile that thrilled her as his had done and yet she was glad when he was gone. He had noticed the weary cadence of her voice as she bade him good-night, and had looked sad and wearied over it. She had seen it but had not even asked herself why it was. Let the reason be what it would, it could not change her belief of him. Her confidence in him was gone. Never again, so long as she thought of him as she did now, and she was sure her feeling toward him could never—could there be, on her part, that unity of thought and feeling, that sweet confidence, that cannot live within the pale of deception.

Some great writer who thought he knew what he was talking about, has said: "Love cannot live where there is not perfect confidence." So far as women are concerned, we beg leave to differ with him. With woman love is the Alpha and Omega of life. Man may free himself from the shackles that bind him, by plunging into society or fleeing into other lands—woman sinks down amid the ashes of her disappointment, mourning over them as the bereaved mourn for their dead. It is useless to try to convince her of the worthlessness of her idol; for when she sees that it is shattered she will gather up the broken pieces and love them because they once were new. Ask the fallen one in your streets whether her first step in crime was for love or gold. She will invariably answer for love. And in that faded face, that lustreless eye, you may read the story of a life wrecked, a heart broken, years of sorrow and remorse, all for one who threw away the love he had won, as lightly as he would toss a feather to the wind. Woman's heart may be seared and hardened by abuse till the germ of love is crushed and apparently killed, but as long as life lasts it remains an evergreen in the heart, whose root—though the branches are withered—still lives, ready to shoot out new branches and leaves at the first tender word or caress from the object of its affection.

And when Ada's cheek pressed her pillow that night, she found herself garnering up, in her heart of hearts, every tender word and look that Harry Delmont had given her that evening; and smothering her sad face in the snowy linen of her bed, she asked herself how she had succeeded in breaking love's fetters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Traits of a Gentleman.

Why does every traveller feel that an Arab is a gentleman, or that a Turk is a gentleman? Because both the Turk and the Arab manifest perfect self-possession, without a touch of self-assertion, have an air of command, devoid of arrogance, are tranquil amid riot, and composed amid difficulty and disturbance. These qualities seem to spring from habits of command, and from an inherent sense of superiority, and the observation will apply with equal force to English gentlemen. A gentleman is a gentleman, and there's an end on't. He does not want to be anybody else, because he does not recognize any superior, save of the titulary and disciplinary sort. Your vulgar person, or even your person who, without being vulgar, is not a gentleman, is conscious of his inferiority, and periodically labors to conceal it or cloud it. There is no concealing it, and the attempt only exposes the fact more glaringly to view. This sort of person, too, is not calm, not self-possessed; he is fussy, solicitous, domineering by circumstances, instead of quietly settling down to a level with them. This by no means implies that a gentleman must not cope with circumstances when they are important enough to demand the exercise of his energies. But when he comes out of the battle, or the senate, or the hunting-field, no matter what he has gone through, he is composed and quiet once more. He never swaggers; he never makes unnecessary apologies or explanations. He takes things as he finds them. Now and then, no doubt the idiosyncrasies of genius will lend an exceptional fervor to the manner of a gentleman; and Lady Blessington was so unaware of this that she expressed herself surprised that Byron's manner in conversation was not as quiet as she would have expected from a person of his rank. The observation was at once stupid and snobbish. There is no cut-and-dry receipt for a gentleman; but he is unmistakable to those who know one, as the color of a flower, or the scent of a leaf.

Partial to Dogs.

The Earl of Bridgewater lived in Paris during the last century, where the circumstances we narrate took place. He was a miserable-looking little man, unable to walk without the support of two lackeys. He had an immense fortune, which he spent in gratifying every caprice. Was a book lent him, it was regarded as the representative of its owner, and returned in the Earl's landau, occupying the place of honor and attended by four footmen in costly livery, who handed it to the astonished owner. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of these dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were unfortunate human beings. He ordered them boots, for which he paid as dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at his table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen, served by suitable attendants. At this table he received and dined with no less than twelve favorite dogs, who seemed to comprehend the compliment paid them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, each with its white napkin tied round its neck. They were so trained that should any, by an [illegible] of appetite, transgress any rule of good manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an antechamber, where he [illegible] his place [illegible] until he had expiated [illegible].

DEAD LOVE.

Have you forgotten those sweet words you said
In that [illegible] time of Summer long ago,
When [illegible] and the rose was red,
And through brown branches, [illegible] to and fro,
The faint breeze fluttered in the boughs o'erhead?

A scarlet sunset flamed, the after-glow
[illegible] on the burning mountains far away,
And [illegible] the fallows and the fields below
[illegible]
When [illegible]

A little [illegible] story
[illegible]
Through heart and brain, [illegible] to say,
No [illegible]
Or any [illegible] pray'd for love to pray!

Have you forgotten? Nay, I could not tire
To hear your lips repeat it o'er and o'er,
Like some [illegible] that might inspire
My drooping heart to doubt and dream no more
With sound like golden music from a lyre.

Have you forgotten? On a far-off shore
Is laid the buried grace of that dead love
We deemed was deathless in the days of yore,
Where winds bewail the shorn delight whereof,
And sad rains beat, and moaning billows roar!

Ah, sweet, have you forgotten? As a dove
That flies forsaken through a barren sky,
And finds no warmth in all the sun above,
Or pleasure in green Summer lands that lie
Beneath the lonely flight she wearies of;

So quite forlorn and comfortless am I,
And sad of soul that have no wings to soar!
Have you forgotten? Love, the years go by,
And I shall look upon your face no more,
Yet still I shall remember till I die!

The Downward Road.

It was a flushed, angry face that looked up, and harsh tones that said:

"I don't care what people say, father; I suppose I am old enough to judge for myself."

"It's no a bad thing, Gavin, to mind what ither folks say about you. When you really get to 'I don't care,' you are in a 'bad way. I hope for all you have said you dinna mean a word o' it."

"I just mean it all. I don't care. I am going to say what I like and do what I like in the future."

"Then it's nane o' my money I'll give you the day, Gavin. If 'don't care' is the road you are for taking the sooner you come to the end o' your tether the better for you. But you'll cool. Doubtless you'll cool, an' come to yoursel', lad."

And old Bailie Irwin took out his bandanna, and threw it over his face.

"Don't go to sleep father, till you answer me a question or two. Do you mean me to stay in Forbes' office much longer?"

"You were entered there for three years; you ken weel if your time is out or no."

"But, father, he is such a bigoted, narrow, strict old fogy, and——"

"You've been lang finding it out, Gavin. I'm thinking you may stand it for a few months longer. Stick to your 'greement, lad, like an honest fellow."

"But, father, I have got my eyes opened lately, an——"

"Hech! wha's opened them? Yon Crieff lassie, eh?"

"Father, Jessie Crieff is an angel."

"I wish she was. It's no an ill wish, that, Gavin, for any lassie; but I'm thinking she's far awa' from it yet."

Gavin Irwin had been two years in Duncan Forbes' house and office, and not felt his strict rules and old-fashioned ways particularly unbearable.

But a few weeks ago a pretty villa belonging to the barony of Crieff had been occupied as a Summer residence by the gay Miss Crieff and her aunt, and Miss Jessie had chosen to enliven the monotony of her retirement by paying a great deal of attention to the handsome Gavin Irwin.

Jessie Crieff was one of a type of young ladies peculiar to the last half century, and, unhappily, increasing—a fast, superficial woman, who thought dissent, doubt, and indifference were the symptoms of intellectual superiority.

She shrugged her pretty shoulders at the most sacred subjects, and smiled away the faith of centuries with a pity so fascinating, and so full of interest, that it was small wonder a young, self-admiring fellow like Gavin should be impressed and bewildered by her sophistries.

He went straight to Crieff Villa after his interview with Mr. Irwin, and found a much more sympathetic listener.

Jessie was so kind that Gavin went back to his little room at Duncan Forbes with very high hopes, and very wide ideas, indeed, as to the respective position of man and man, though of course, the old lawyer, not having been taking a lesson from Miss Crieff, was ill-prepared to understand him.

"Gavin," said he, kindly, "the new minister has come. I hope you'll like him better than you have done Mr. Stirling lately."

"I shall not hear him, sir, to-morrow. I have made up my mind to fish in the morning, and have promised to drive out with Miss Crieff in the afternoon."

"You'll no make a scandal o' that kind on the Lord's day, Gavin Irwin; forby shaming the guid old man, your father."

"If people choose to be shamed and scandalized where they have no call to be, that's not my fault, sir. There is no law against fishing and driving that I know of."

"Na, to speak o' the law o' God, Gavin, there's whiles a higher law than the statute book—there's public opinion."

"I don't care for that public opinion!"

And Gavin snapped his thumb and finger contemptuously.

"Then you are a fool, or worse, an' I'm sorry for them that are kin to you."

Gavin kept his word, and rather ostentatiously so, for he strolled slowly up the main street, with his rod and creel, just as the people were going to church.

He certainly had the satisfaction of perfectly horrifying them.

His drive with Miss Crieff was a still greater offence.

"A pretty, painted Frenchified infidel!" said Duncan Forbes, bitterly; "a lassie wha scorns the kirk, an' measures e'en the word o' the Lord by her ain small understanding. Gavin Irwin is courting dool an' disgrace, an' nae guid lad will sort wi' him."

Everybody shared the lawyer's opinion, and the young men who sat at the same table with Gavin gave the offender but the scantiest courtesy, and quite excluded him from all their little social plans.

While Jessie remained in Campsallie he did not care much.

He chose to call it "jealousy" and "envy," and paraded his friendship with the Baron of Crieff's sister very offensively to all his old acquaintances.

But Jessie left Campsallie with the Summer birds and flowers, and very soon after this event Gavin's time was out with Lawyer Forbes.

He was anxious to buy a share in the lawyer's business, and his father was now inclined to please him; but Forbes declined all Mr. Irwin's offers, and plainly told the old man that his son's unpopularity would injure his custom.

"Our steady folk, ye ken neighbor, like a man who walks in the old ways; we are a plain bodies, an' hae nae skill of these new philosophies. The law of God and the law of Scotland is just as much as we can manage."

Gavin was much hurt and disappointed.

He was young and wanted friends and company, and no one responded to his advances.

Winter came on and it was so dreary that Gavin took the next wrong step.

As good people would not notice him he fell into bad company.

Anyone knows how rapidly a man may travel on this downward road.

[illegible] "take a glass" [illegible] then, not [illegible] who knew it, "better men than he got [illegible] the wind occasionally."

He had long ceased going to church, and pretty Maggie Lindsay, who had dared to smile on him, long after her mother and sisters cut him directly, had now ceased to notice him, and given her smiles to Alexander Forbes, his special aversion.

The Winter passed, and in the Spring the news of Miss Crieff's marriage came to Campsallie.

It was a very bitter drop added to his cup, for Gavin had felt sure that Jessie would return with Summer, and explain, in some satisfactory manner, her mysterious silence; and to the loss of this hope was added the spiteful condolences or the open sarcasms of all who knew him.

He thought his cup was quite full, but a greater sorrow awaited him.

One evening, in the early Summer, Bailie Irwin quietly died in his chair, of heart disease, and people did not scruple to say that Gavin's conduct had hastened his end.

No one had a kind word for him except the new minister, a man whom Gavin had always avoided, partly because he was his father's chief friend and confidant, and partly because he disliked his admonitions.

Now, however, they were compelled to come in contact, and Gavin at last did justice to the good man's kindly nature. But he took the ten thousand pounds his father had left him, and left Campsallie, as he supposed, never to return.

The minister thought not.

"He can't sell the house and the twenty acres round it, wife, and he'll come home again. I promised his father I would be watching for him."

It seemed a hopeless kind of watching.

Year after year slipped away, and no one heard a word from Gavin Irwin.

The rent of the house was remitted to a firm he had chosen in Liverpool, for five years; then the tenant left, and for three years more the Irwin place stood empty.

In those three years the minister often wondered where the lost lad was.

The rent of the homestead, while it was rented, was enough for life's necessities, but now—what was he doing?

He was seeing many extremes. He had been as supercargo to the tropics, and in a whaling ship to the Atlantic Ocean. He had been a successful speculator in New York, and he had been digging for gold in Australia.

He had been gambling with princes in Baden-Baden, and fighting for his rights with the roughs of Nevada.

But one night, ten years after his father's death, when he was just recovering from an attack of the terrible vomito in Matamoras, he suddenly bethought him of the pleasant old home among the breezy hills.

He heard in his soul the chime of the church bells, and the faint, sweet music of the people singing, just as he heard them on that Sunday morning when he went fishing to please the fair and fickle Jessie Crieff, and an intense desire for those cool old rooms and scented garden ways, for the murmuring trout streams and broom-covered hills possessed him.

He feebly sought for his purse and counted his money. Yes, there was enough left to clothe him decently and carry him home; and he would be content henceforward to farm his father's acres and live as his father had done.

He had to travel slowly, but one evening ten weeks afterwards, he got off a steamer and stood once more on the Campsallie pier. No one knew him.

He stopped a little girl to ask if Doctor Anderson still lived at the manse, and then took his way quietly towards it.

As he opened the garden gate a lovely girl looked up from her carnations at him.

He asked timidly for the minister, and she led him into the well-known parlor, with its low roof and old-fashioned furniture.

Mr. Anderson came thoughtfully in, looked at Gavin curiously, held out his hand, and the moment he spoke, said:

"I thought so. Welcome home—welcome home! I promised your father to say this much for him when this glad day came round. I'm a proud man to do it, sir. Lucy, Lucy! bring some cakes and a glass of cream. You'll be glad, Gavin, I know you will, to taste the wholesome oatmeal again."

And so he ran on while he took off Gavin's hat and coat, and gave a score of hospitable orders.

So Gavin stayed at the manse for some weeks, and what passed between the minister and him no one ever knew; but I think Gavin told him most of those ten years' sins and failures. But he had come home now, he said, to repair his father's house and live in it; perhaps, in time, he might win again the respect of his father's friends.

Mr. Anderson heard and rejoiced.

He gave Gavin one hundred pounds, which he said was rent due to him, and advised him to begin at once putting the place in order.

It would employ him while he looked around, and it was best not to be in a hurry with any plan.

So Gavin stayed all Summer with the minister, and by the end of it—as anyone might have foreseen—he had but one thought in life—Lucy Anderson.

He was almost sure Lucy loved him too, but he had never dared to speak to her. But one night, as he sat full of dreary thoughts about his wasted past, Lucy came and touched him.

"Mr. Irwin," she said, "you are sad, and you make me miserable. What is the matter?"

"I love—and I am unworthy to love."

"Did she say so?"

"Lucy! oh, Lucy!"

Love has manifold ways of explaining itself. These two looked in each other's eyes and saw all they wanted. But the father was not so sanguine.

He remembered the past ten years and trembled for his Lucy's happiness.

"I'll tell you, Gavin, what I will do. You shall perform a thing I ask of you, and then I will say amen to Lucy's yes."

"I will do anything in the power of man to do."

"My request may seem eccentric and purposeless, but I have good reasons for making it. It is now the end of August, you shall go every night to your father's house at ten o'clock, and sit in his chair until midnight strikes—every night, mind—and I will give you an answer at the New Year."

"Your wish is a singular one, but I will fulfill it."

"You are to take no company, no stimulant, and no light of any kind; and you are to keep our tryst in spite of wind and weather."

"I will strictly fulfill your orders."

No one spoke more of the strange compact, but it was silently fulfilled to the letter.

Only on Christmas Eve, the old man pressed his hand as he left, and said—

"Be content; your trial is nearly over."

So Gavin went out of the cozy, lighted parlor into the dark, cold, lonely house with a happy heart.

He had sat about an hour when he heard footsteps, and saw the glimmer of a light. The door opened and the minister and Lucy entered; but it was Lucy that kissed him and said:

"Come home, Gavin! Come home. Papa says so, and I am yours, darling, forever from this hour."

"Yes, Gavin," said the minister, as they talked together afterwards, "I thought, to-night is Christmas Eve; no better time to forgive and forget,—to trust and love; and when I asked Lucy, she said it was God put the thought into my heart, and so we've both come for you."

"And now, my dear [illegible] father, tell me why you put me through such an ordeal?"

"Because I wanted, first, that you should think well over your past, and I knew that the lonely walk in all weathers, and the lonely house, so full of tender memories, was the best place for thought. Secondly, I knew if you had the resolution and the love to keep a promise extending over four months, you might be trusted with a graver promise. And now I [illegible]"

"And Lucy, father?"

"Lucy gave herself to you, and I'm well enough content. I am proud of the way you kept your bargain, and everybody has the good word for you now, Gavin."

"And I am glad enough of their good word and kind greetings, father. I'll do all a man may do to deserve both."

"That's right, Gavin Irwin! If a man doesn't care for the respect of his fellow-creatures he will very soon lose respect for himself, and when self-respect is once gone Satan has a good lien on everything else."

A Short Wooing.

One bright June day, more than a hundred years ago, Parson Millechamp, with his pretty daughter on a pillion behind him, rode down a pleasant Shropshire road on their way to Powyscourt. The latter had been for some time deeply engrossed in her own thoughts, while her father seemed gravely cogitating as he guided his handsome bay horse over a highway which certainly owed little or nothing to surveyors or commissioners. It was almost overgrown with grass, seamed with deep car-ruts, and plentifully sprinkled with stones.

But it was not the less pretty or picturesque for that. The high hedges, with the spreading trees growing from out them, were in the fullness of their midsummer beauty, and shaded the wayfarers from the sun. The pale briar-roses waved their delicate branches over them, and the honeysuckle made the air luscious with its sweetness. There was a chirping of birds, a bleating of lambs, and a buzzing of bees. Now and again the voices of haymakers were heard in the distance, and a whiff from the hayfield almost overpowered the scent of the honeysuckle. It was a perfect June day, and yet—Henrietta sighed.

Her father heard it, and (penitent for his long silence) turned to look at her.

"My dear," he said, "we seem but poor company this morning."

"Well, father, I was wondering whether this going as companion to Lady Powys is for the best. Mother thought I ought to see a little more of life—our place being so quiet; but I'm sure I did very well at home. She'll miss me sorely, I'm afraid—especially in the dairy and over the clear-starching."

"She must stir Deborah up," said the parson, "and make your sister Polly useful. Polly's quite old enough to help now."

"Yes—but you know Deborah is not overburthened with wits, and mother doesn't like teaching. She'd always rather do a thing herself. Father, be sure to send for me if she seems to want me back."

"To be sure, child; but you know you're only going for a few months."

"There's Bobby, too. I don't know how he'll get on with his lessons without me."

"Make your mind easy, Ettie—Bobby shan't suffer. But child, while you have been wondering how we ever can get on without you, I have been wondering whether you will be able to take care of yourself. You can't help knowing, I suppose, that you have a very pretty face of your own. You'll find plenty of people where you are going ready enough to praise it even more than it deserves. You must take compliments just at what they are worth, my dear. Remember, 'Handsome is as handsome does.'"

"Father," said Henrietta, with a slight pout, "you need not fear a bit about my head being turned with compliments. You know it's not my way."

"Don't be too sure—'Forewarned is forearmed.' One of these days, however, I shall hope to see you the happy wife of a good man."

"I'm sure you would be very sorry to be rid of me, father, if that time came. But I'm not one of those girls who are anxious about being married. In fact, I believe, if folks would only think it, they're generally better off single. You know how I refused Squire Hassall. To be sure, I couldn't abide the man!"

"Your mother and I get on pretty well together, I think," said the parson, smiling.

"Yes, sir; but you are amongst the exceptions," answered Henrietta, gravely. "And you must own, daddy, that you and mother are often sorely puzzled to make all ends meet. But I was especially thinking," she continued, after a pause, "of poor Cousin Anne, whose husband can't say 'Bo!' to a goose. I'd be ashamed to go about with such a stupid man! It wouldn't be in my nature to put up with it."

"My dear," said her father, laughing, "you must learn to bear and forbear if you marry. But I'm sure I don't wish to persuade you to marry."

"Henrietta Millechamp is a very good name, father, and I've no wish whatever to change it. Grandmother says I'm the most sensible girl she knows."

"I'm very glad to hear it, child; and I'm sure neither your mother nor I want to part with our spoiled little lass, now she's grown to be so sensible and helpful."

By this time they had emerged from the old road, and were trotting along a newer and more open one. The heat, for it was now twelve o'clock, was intense; and ere very long the parson pulled up under a clump of trees which stood in the bend of the road.

Now it happened that in the field before them, only separated from this road by a sunk fence, there was a cricket match going on. Parson Millechamp alighted from his horse, and stood for some minutes by his daughter's side while they watched the players. Both were evidently connoisseurs, and entered at once into the game while they chatted gaily together. Two young men, who had just their innings, were lying on the grass not far from them; and while the travellers watched the match, these young men watched them.

The young men gave an approving nod to each other, but gazed with even more complacency on the fair maiden on the pillion. Ettie was her father's own child—like him in the graceful figure, abundant dark hair, and grey eyes, which softened and brightened as she spoke. Her rounded cheeks were flushed with the heat, but very becomingly. She wore a blue pelisse, and a hat trimmed with ribbons of the same color. Altogether she made a very pretty picture.

"Let us go and speak to them, Tom," said the taller of the two; and together they sauntered up.

"You take an interest in our game, sir," said Oliver, while Tom bowed to the young lady.

"I do, young sir," replied the parson, "for I am a cricketer myself. But, to say the truth, it was the heat, not the game, which caused us to stop for awhile."

"Have you been riding far, sir?" said the one called Tom, coming nearer and patting the horse.

"Nine miles, friend," answered the father.

"And six more to go," added his daughter. "If the road were none of the worst, this last mile [illegible] Powyscourt."

"[illegible] are going thither, you should take the first turn to the right, instead of keeping the high road. You will get into the lanes, and save a good mile. But are you aware, sir, that the castle [illegible]?"

"My business," said the candid parson, "is with her ladyship, who has kindly offered to take my daughter as companion. [illegible]"

"[illegible] instruction on the latter point," said Tom, fervently.

"I have been warning her against flattering tongues, sir," said the parson, with a smile, and at the same time a proud look at his daughter. "However, she is but a quiet country lass, and her mother thinks it is as well for her to see a little more of the world than she can at our quiet parsonage. She won't be long away, and when she comes back she'll brush us all up and teach her little sisters."

"Have you a large family, reverend sir?" asked Oliver.

"Five daughters and one son—quite enough to make a man thoughtful," said the parson, with a cheery laugh which belied his words.

"Father often talks of the trouble we are to him," said Henrietta; "but he doesn't look as if he were much the worse for it. Does he sir?"

"In the natural course of things some of the daughters must marry," remarked Tom, gravely, still stroking the horse. "That may relieve you of some of the anxiety, sir."

"I have no wish to part with any of them, friend," said the parson; "and Henrietta here has quite forsworn matrimony."

"Do you mean that seriously, madam?" said Tom.

"Well, sir," was the answer with a smile and a blush, "I think it's always better to let well alone."

"It will be a poor look-out for us young fellows if such ideas gain ground," said Oliver. "Surely, sir, you do not approve of lovely young ladies like your daughter holding those?"

"I am not sorry she holds them for the present. Many a person marries in haste to repent at leisure. But, Henrietta, my dear, we must be going. I wish you good-day, gentlemen, and success to your side."

"Will you not wish us success, Mistress Henrietta?" said Tom, earnestly, with hat in hand.

"Of course I will," she answered, raising her grey eyes rather shyly. "I hope you will win all before you."

The two young men watched the riders till a turn in the road hid them from sight, and then Tom did not move until the sound of the horse's hoofs died away.

"Tom, you're very thoughtful," said Oliver, at last, shaking his friend's shoulder. "What ails you?"

"Of course I am," said Tom, dreamily, "for there goes my wife."

"Where there is a will there is a way," says the proverb, and Tom certainly found the way. In spite of her sound sense—in spite of her assurances to her father, and her grandmother's high opinion—in two month's time Henrietta Millechamp was "woo'd and married an' a'."

Getting His Deserts.

Mr. Wallace Omar drew on his immaculate lavender kids with a self-satisfied air, and then indulged in a lengthy, critical scrutiny of himself in the mirror of the dressing-case.

He saw a tall, well-formed young fellow somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty.

Altogether a stylish, fine-looking man, from his closely-cut hair to his well-polished boots, and who, although he had not yet the power to make Miss Warren's heart throb very rebelliously, still was the most welcome and highly-favored guest at her house.

It had been a grand stroke of good fortune—Mr. Omar's acquaintance and intimacy with the lovely heiress who held all her property in her own fair hands, and who was well known as being very gracious to her handsome, stylish lover, who drove his four-in-hand, and had his yacht.

A rare streak of fortune, he had confessed more times than one—as he told himself as he stood before his dressing-mirror that afternoon; rarely good and lucky because his extravagance had become such a fixed habit that his income had failed long ago to pay even a small portion of his expenses, and the Warren money would be very convenient, not only to wipe out old scores, but to depend on for the future.

It would be just such a life as suited him, the life that would be his if he were Jessamine Warren's husband; and Jessamine Warren's husband he would be, or never was there a struggle for success by any man with Fate.

Of course he loved her; any man with eyes, or sense, or a heart could not have helped it, such a magnificent, queenly girl as she was.

Of course he loved her; but not as he had loved Georgie May, bright, piquant, sparkling little Georgie May, with her laughing black eyes, crimson cheeks, and dimpled chin.

She had been the one real, true love of his life, the one woman whose lightest touch, whose shyest glance had power to make every nerve tingle; the one only woman that he had felt was mistress of his destiny, for whom he could do or dare or endure all things.

For six months they had been so happy—so marvelously happy, that the girl had felt, by some subtle instinct, that such happiness could not last; then, when her father died, and it was indisputably true that Georgie was henceforth obliged to work for her living—then Wallace walked deliberately away with not so much as a farewell kiss or a word of explanation, leaving Georgie to think what she pleased, or do as she chose.

That had been a year ago, and now the one grand object of his existence was to have Jessamine Warren for his wife, and her money for his, and he was going this afternoon to lay his fate at her feet.

He bought a boutonniere—violets, and a creamy rosebud, and a scarlet carnation, and went leisurely on, the very ideal of a gentleman of wealth and position, and plenty of spare time.

Went straight to Jessamine Warren—and destiny.

* * * * * *

"Miss Nina, can you spare Ethel for a drive this afternoon? Ethel, I know Miss Nina will let you go."

The school-room in Miss Warren's mansion was a delightfully cheerful room, and Miss Jessamine Warren looked very delightful and cheery herself as she came in, her silk train gathered in one jewelled hand, and her gentle, womanly face all alight with affection and interest for the dainty little girl-sister whom she worshipped with a love only second to their dead mother's.

Nina looked up—a slender, fragile-looking girl, with dark eyes that held in their depths such sad shadow that many a time Miss Warren had been tempted to ask the girl what her troubles were—that now seemed so painfully eloquent, as with some anguishful remembrance, that Jessamine laid her hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"Nina, can't you let me help you? You have been here three months as Ethel's friend and teacher, and your sweet, sad, patient eyes have worried me all the time. What is it?"

The girl turned her head away.

The tears had fallen at the sound of the tender sympathy in Miss Warren's voice.

"Oh, Miss Jessamine—I can't trouble you—I believe you are very good, but I am so, so miserable—"

A diamond-shaped hand lightly touched the [illegible]

"I, who have known so much suffering, can sympathize, at least. Nina, is it a lover,—who [illegible]?"

The quivering lips suddenly compressed into a pitiful attempt at brave self-control.

"Everything was in a different sense, Miss [illegible]; and although I [illegible] when I see you wearing your handsome dresses, and hear you give your orders, and know you [illegible], it [illegible] me to feel it so keenly—all I [illegible]. In the days when I was so happy with my lover, Miss Jessamine, the lover who deserted me when riches took wing."

Miss Warren's lips trembled—the girl's story was so simple, so sad.

"I would try not to mourn for any one who was so false and cruel! But if you loved him—"

Nina caught the words eagerly, passionately.

"Loved him! Oh, Miss Jessamine, I love him so much that I would have shared suffering and death with him!"

"And can't you learn to look upon him as he deserves? Nina, you ought to congratulate yourself that you have escaped the fate of being such a man's wife! Poor—"

A loud rap on the door interrupted her, and a maid servant appeared.

"Please, Miss Warren, Mr. Omar would like to see you in the drawing room."

And Nina gave a little startled cry, and sprang to her feet.

"Wallace Omar! Oh, Miss Jessamine—"

Miss Warren was scarcely less agitated herself as she took the words off the girl's tongue.

"Georgina, is it he? Was Wallace Omar your lover—the man who deserted you?"

Georgina May saw a glitter in Miss Warren's eyes.

"It is the same—oh, Miss Jessamine!"

Miss Warren's clear, cold eyes looked steadily through the window several minutes; then she smiled slowly.

"I'll postpone Ethel's drive till to-morrow. You'll be good, won't you, dear? Nina, I'm coming back to finish our little confidence directly."

She went down the grand staircase slowly—gracefully, and Mr. Omar heard the rustle of her silk trail with a glad thrill of delight, and his eyes lighted as she came forward, bowed and extended her hand to him cordially, with an unusual warmth that the inspiration seized him to propose to her on the spot, and he did, in an earnest, eager way that he flattered himself was very acceptable to Miss Warren.

She smiled, and gave him a glance from her splendid dark eyes that encouraged him vastly.

"Mr. Omar, you flatter me altogether too much, and yet I can not think I ought to [illegible]. Are you sure you love me—are you sure you never loved anyone else? Because I will not reign over a divided empire."

She was bewildering, fascinating beyond ordinary, and Omar's heart fairly bounded as he thought how near he was to the [illegible] of his hopes and ambitions.

"Jessamine, as if there could be room in a man's thoughts for anyone but you. I love you with all my heart, and until I knew you I never knew what love meant. You have taught me, dearest, and I will learn of you all my life if you will let me."

She smiled, went to the door and then turned to him again, so brightly, that he wondered where her courteous coldness had gone.

"I have taken the privilege of sending for a lady friend for just one moment—what a lovely bouquet that is, Mr. Omar—Oh, yes, Georgina, come in. I want to jog Mr. Omar's memory by the sight of you, and ask him to repeat his assertion that he never loved before. Miss May, Mr. Omar. Georgina, he has asked me to marry him, and I want you to tell him I consider him one of the most despicable creatures on the face of God's earth—that there is not the ghost of a chance for him. Don't cry, Georgina. Mr. Omar, good-bye."

She rang the bell with the mien of an empress, and there was nothing for the crestfallen, mortified, disgraced man to do but to go, courteously bowed out by the man-servant.

And Georgina May was comforted in after days, and both women forgot the false, fair face of Wallace Omar.

Interesting to Tea Drinkers.

The nose is one of the best judges for distinguishing good tea, and how to prepare tea properly art teaches us. To obtain a beverage very aromatic and only in a small degree astringent, you must infuse the tea for half-an-hour in a very small quantity of cold water, and then add the boiling water, pouring the tea, before it is very brown, into the cup. The cold water saturates the whole texture of the leaves, and produces the same advantage as when we wish to obtain good broth from butcher's meat; and the boiling water separates the tannin from the caffeine, which is precipitated when the infusion begins to grow cold. [illegible] tea in the Russian fashion, in a drinking-glass, you will see the tea grow turbid almost as soon as it is poured out. I think it is wise to take only the first infusion, which contains from four to six times as much [illegible] as the second. This last has the inconveniences of being only in a small degree aromatic, and a high degree astringent. The addition of a few drops of lemon juice, or of any other vegetable acid, renders the tea [illegible] among the Chinese and many Russians. The addition of an alkali, on the contrary, makes the tea less stimulating, and in some measure [illegible]. In Chinese Tartary, in Cashmere, and in other countries of Asia, the leaves of tea are [illegible] in various modes with butter, flour, and salts, and the [illegible] plains their nutritive power. It is told in the travels of Huc, Gabet, Auchterlony, and others, that a good cup of tea is one of the best [illegible] to undertake fatiguing journeys in lofty mountains. [illegible] the movement of the heart less than coffee, it is less hostile to the sleep [illegible] intellectual labor; [illegible] increases the [illegible] activity of the skin and respiration. In many persons tea produces an [illegible] of the intestine, and a troublesome [illegible]. [illegible] the wakefulness which tea can cause. [illegible] Arctic travellers have demonstrated [illegible]. But [illegible] of green tea produces [illegible] cramps of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, and so on.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

Honor is but the reflection of a man's own actions, shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence reflecting upon himself.

Youth and Beauty.

[illegible]

POETICAL WAIFS.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

HUNTING BEASTS IN AFRICA.

How Elephants, Lions, Hippopotami and Other Wild Animals are Caught and Captured by a Number of Many Expeditions.

Whoever even thought of the lives that have been lost, the suffering endured, the great sums of money expended, and the perfect system directing their movements, in order to secure for beyond the limits of civilization, makin g collections of wild animals for the menageries. Indeed, the business has been so almost exclusively done by many private establishments in Europe as never nearly half the globe, that beyond the proprietors and managers of gardens and shows only a very limited number have any conception of the extent of their operations, or of as much as their axioms new.

The head of the firm, and directing spirit in it its workings, is Mr. Charles Reiche, considerably this side of fifty, with the energy and the humble manner of a cultivated travelled gentleman. His New York establishment at 55 Chatham street, is passed by unnoticed by hundreds daily; yet, from it, orders are supplied from almost every town and village in the United States, from the Zoological Garden in London, and others in Russia, Austria, and elsewhere. His large supply depot for the country is in Hoboken. Henry Reiche, his brother and partner, lives in Germany, where they have a general supply farm for all the world, with accommodations for the shipment of the keeping of almost every bird, beast, and reptile from any country or clime in that part of the world. Charles Reiche and his agents are ready at any time to fill an order for anything from a single canary bird to a thousand birds, display birds, or trick birds, up to a fleet of ostriches, or from a field mouse to an elephant.

Africa, the home of the greater number of fierce, voracious animals, is their most extensive field of operations, but they have many agents which the shrikes or chiefs in their employ and stationing Indians and half-breed natives for choice specimens of rare birds or beasts. During nine months of every year they have a large force of hunters in the African hunters travelling from station to station, overseeing and directing the workings of the natives, and capturing elephants, lions, hippotigers, and such other beasts as they may be instructed to obtain. The corps, usually composed of four or five, and never more than eight, under the command of Charles Reiche, returned home ter and trapper, staff from Germany about the 1st of September, and return from Africa early in June. During the remaining three months of the year, which they have to the "rainy season," in the interior, when the natives most certain death for a white man to remain in Africa. A few have tried it, but most of them have died of fever, others have returned horribly from fever, and were unable to accomplish anything. The medical treatment is very limited, and the principal remedy is the free usage of one of the men, "to taking horse doses of quinine until killed or cured; most being cured by the quinine is worse than being killed by the fever."

Starting from Germany the hunters take a complete outfit of clothing, firearms, gifts for the chiefs, and from $7,000 to $12,000 in drafts and letters of credit. They then go from Europe to Corfu, in Greece; thence to Alexandria, and then by rail to Cairo. There they change some of their money for Maria Theresa silver Austrian dollars, the only coin known to the Arabs and sheikhs of Africa. They then go by rail to Suez, valuables to them, and the brightest specimen of a gold American eagle would not buy the meanest dog-tailed camel. They next take to the Turkish steamer to Jodda, and thence to Mocha, their last station of any importance during the long, tiresome, and dangerous march across the Nubian desert. They buy camels, water, and provisions, and hire the camel drivers and other natives at the very least, the latter being often enough, $5 and occasionally as high as $7 each for the trip across the desert; and when the caravan gets to its journey's end the camels are sold at a little less than as lost they can. In this manner they travel to Honiaka, the Reiche Brothers' principal station in Africa, where their supplies of caste are strictly maintained. Every white man has a "mansion," which consists of a square house surrounded by a fence thirty feet deep, and divided into two rooms, in each brown they live, eat and sleep, and over them they keep the money that has been brought across the desert in trunks on the backs of camels. No banks that is for just six years not a dollar has been lost by carelessness. Frequently there is from $50,000 to $100,000 of these silver dollars in the hut, with only one or two white men in camp, surrounded by negroes Arabs and half breeds; yet no attempt at robbery has ever been made, and the half-civilized natives, knowing they are entitled to a dollar until they have earned it, never try to get it in any other way. The hunters are paid so much as they please, and three times a day are given a fair supply of Indian corn, which they grind, and, after adding a little water and salt, bake their own flour into a sort of biscuit. The white men have negro women as wives and live luxuriously. They have eggs coffee, and Indian corn biscuit for breakfast, with a broiled chicken for a relish whenever they want one, for fowls are very plenty. For dinner, maize and beef, or mutton, very tough and very stringy. "A good-conditioned ox can be bought for $4, and a "good eating goat" for fifty cents. A little garden truck, which they grow themselves, and dates, which are found in great quantities, are also eaten. No dinner would be complete without plenty of onions, and they are as much in order at either of the other meals or, indeed, at any time in the day when one has an appetite. Supper is similar to breakfast, and after that the German smokes immediately a vesper friend, his long-stemmed, china bowled, fragrant pipe. The interior of their hut would interest a New York artist. Elephant tusks, skins, leopard and lion skins, hunting hats and coats, and long-topped boots, rifles, pistols, bright-colored flannel shirts, and piles of boxes of ammunition are found in dire confusion; but in a safe place, where it would require a most determined burglar to enter, one tenderly reed thing within the first strong walls, a first-class full-sized silver-keyed German piano. They had it sent out in sections. Winter evenings, after the perils and labors of the hunt, Lohse plays on it divinely, while the others lie on their couches of straw and skins and dreamily think of the fatherland.

The clearing is on the bank of a little river called the Sobat, a branch of the Nile. It is inclosed by a high and thick hedge, made of a native thorn, of which there is a great deal, and has been fixed, watered, and housed or tethered. great fires are built at irregular intervals around the place, and at night the gates are closed and the watch is set. By ten o'clock all officers are in bed, with the dismal howl of the hyena, the roar of the lion, and the shrill cry of the jackal the wild cat to disturb their dreams of wives and fatherland. The myriads of gnats, flies, and mosquitoes are for a time a great annoyance to the hunters, and a source of amusement for the natives, who think their black hides covered thick with grease, do not mind them. They enjoy the contortions of their white companions. By seven o'clock all are asleep, and the camp is still until about five in the morning, when the cocks crow, the fires burn, and the business of the day is begun. The native hunters form in parties of about twenty, each with a headman, and the chief gives general directions, while those who are left in charge of the establishment is charged to see to caring for the beasts, making boxes for the purchases, and cages for the expected new arrivals.

In setting wild animals the rule is to kill the old ones and secure the young; for after any of the beasts have grown old enough to become accustomed to the free life of the woods, and to hunt their own food, they are treacherous and worth little for purposes of exhibition.

Poor Louise, one of Reiche Brothers' men, who had been suddenly removed from Africa with rheumatic and sciatica, tells interesting stories of the perils of the hunt. He says: "The lion is a fierce creature, and the lioness when she is watching her young very much so. She will go and devour a dozen natives rather than leave her young. A good ride, firm hand, and steady eyes are we can soon topple the old fellow over. The old lion is very cowardly, and if he finds that the odd we are sure to kill her, and then it is an trouble to pick up and secure the cub. We like to get these little fellows when they are about three or four weeks old. They are then the young lions are very tame, and soon learn to know their keepers. Leopards, tigers are all that kind of animals we put in the same way; and of course the smaller they are the easier are hard to get, and the least to very dangerous. It is also the easiest time to capture them, as relatively when we are after their young and their age of vanishing terrible. The trapping of the panther is the best for a long distance, and quickly alarms the whole herd. The rifle is unquestionably the best, but

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 1877

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 29, 1877.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats, the author of "Endymion," was emphatically a poet of the people. He sprung from no ancient or illustrious family; but though we can discover no trace of a grandfather on his father's side, we have the consolation of knowing that the most satisfactory proof abounds of his having had one on his mother's. Keats, the elder, assisted in an humble capacity in the extensive livery stables of Mr. Jennings, on the Pavement in Moorfields, London. There he fell violently in love with his master's daughter, who returned his passion with corresponding warmth. Old Jennings was an exception to the general rule in such cases, and as he sensibly refused to assist the part of "stern parent," the course of true love for once ran smooth, and the groom was married to the maiden of his choice. John was born October 29th, 1796, and was well reared by his mother, who, though a woman of a very frivolous disposition, had correct ideas about bringing up children.

In his youth, John was by far more pugnacious than poetical, and at school was celebrated for the use of his fists rather than as a votary of the muse. On casting aside his satchel and bidding adieu forever to the corrective birch, he took up the mortar and pestle, and was entered as a student of the gospel of Mammon and medicine, at the shop of one Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton. He was apprenticed for five years, but long before that time had elapsed, he discovered that making verses was more in his line than making pills. He had read Shakespeare, Virgil's "Æneis," Spence's "Polymetis," and Tooke's "Pantheon of the Heathen Gods," whilst at school, and these authors had probably set him romancing, but it was reserved for Spenser to transform him into a poet. A friend loaned him all the "Fairie Queen." He devoured it eagerly, and at once began versifying. He then read Chaucer and Milton, and revered Shakspeare. Keats was a discerning reader, studying as he read and making notes.

In 1817, John passed his medical examination, and published his initial volume of poems. He then began the composition of "Endymion," which he finished and set adrift in 1818. The Quarterly and Blackwood came out at the usual time, and Keats eagerly turned over their pages to see what they had to say about his handling. He was probably afraid that they would pass it by without notice, but no such thing—each periodical had a review of it, and each indulged in plentiful sneers and jokes at its expense. Mr. Gifford, the executioner and the then Quarterly reviewer, laughed uproariously at the idea of an apothecary's poet; and the Blackwood reviewer, who, by the way, was also an actor, told the bard playfully to return to his physic. Keats had determined to be a great poet, and this rough treatment at the hands of high literary authorities, touched him sorely and severely shocked him. Jeffrey, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Byron and others, however, were more indulgent than the reviewers, and were equally if not better able to judge of the merits of the poems. Casting aside all prejudice, they unanimously pronounced "Endymion" a production of great worth and many defects, but their verdict was couched in considerate and encouraging terms.

Keats then commenced to write with a will, and produced "Lamia," a poetical romance in Dryden's style, "Hyperion," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other poems of a high order. "Lamia," which is particularly pleasing and reminds one strongly of the "Fables" of "Glorious John," without the coarseness which tarnishes the lustre of those admirable compositions, was the prime favorite of Shelley, himself a great poet, and was his constant companion in his varied rambles and expeditions. A copy of it belonging to Leigh Hunt was found in Shelley's pocket, when his body was washed ashore by the waters which had destroyed him, and was burned on the memorable funeral pyre with the remains. Keats never recovered from the shock produced on him by the malignant attack of the reviewers. That attack, ever present in his mind, seared his whole soul, and the fatal intellectual energy of a young man. There was always some imperious duty to step between him and the prospect of mental quiet. He was due in Paris for a consultation with Gambetta on the issue of a manifesto on the very day of his mortal agony. The annual Summer holiday of the ex-President was turned into a stumping tour. He went to Dieppe, but not to find rest, only ovation. There he grew nervous. The mere breaking of the waves on the beach made him frantic. He found Nature "noisy"—a sure sign that he was in a state bordering on mental disease. The physicians advised him to try a quieter place, and he went to St. Germain, which proposed itself. He had hardly reached his hotel before he was called on to receive a deputation. Those weaknesses were intermittent. At certain hours, by a supreme exercise of self-command, he forgot them and summoned all his strength. Then those who saw him went away with the impression that he had wonderfully preserved the vigor of his prime.

GEN. MCCLELLAN made public some time ago, parts in his recent article in Harper's Magazine. Among other things, he said that our army loses a larger proportion of officers killed in time of peace, than the British army loses in time of peace and war together. Taking the number of officers fearfully and unjustly end. Keats was buried in the cemetery of the Protestants in Rome. His humble grave has but a small headstone to point it out, on which is roughly carved his name, age, and the epitaph he himself desired to have put upon it. Severe as it is, it describes the spot in glowing language, and says "it might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." And it was not long before these brother poets slept side by side in that city of the dead on one of the Seven Hills," surrounded by the ancient ruins they so much loved; and now the busy hum of Rome sounds drowsily about their resting-place, and their favorite daisies grow peacefully above their dust.

SWIMMING.

Considering how important and how easily acquired the art of swimming is, it is surprising how few expert swimmers are to be found in our great cities. Not one-third of the men can swim a stroke, and fully another third can barely manage to keep above water a few minutes when beyond their depth. As for the women, not one in twenty has even the faintest conception of the natatorial art. This state of things is reprehensible in the highest degree, and is responsible for nine-tenths of the deaths by drowning, that annually occur at the seaside and other places of resort. Every child in town should be as much a part of education as reading, writing and arithmetic, and should be acquired at the earliest possible moment.

We know that very many people have an instinctive dread of the water, and that this dread prevents them from even attempting to learn to swim. It should be a portion of every parent's duty to combat this feeling in children, and to teach them that the lake, the river, and even the sea itself, under ordinary circumstances, can harm no one, if sufficient confidence in one's self and the art of swimming be joined. If a boy has an unconquerable fear of getting out "over his head," his father, being, of course, a good, strong swimmer, should take him in to the degrees where he cannot "touch bottom," and there familiarize him at once with the element and swimming. And, after all, swimming is one of the least difficult arts to acquire of all that claim a human being's attention in this world of ours.

There is, in some circles, a vulgar and senseless prejudice against young girls and women learning to swim, and many females urge modesty as their excuse for ignorance of the natatorial art. There is, however, no question of modesty in the premises, for it is no more indelicate for a young miss or a full-grown lady to swim than it is for such persons to bathe in the breakers at the seaside. We repeat that all, both male and female, old and old, should become proficient and confident swimmers, for there is no telling when the ability to swim and the preservation of life may be one and the same thing. We submit our ideas for the candid reflection of our readers, in the hope that they may promote the acquisition of an art now, unfortunately, too much neglected.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exploits already performed by carrier-pigeons, and their repeatedly demonstrated fleetness, many people are yet inclined to be incredulous about them, but all doubters should be satisfied when they read what follows: Dover is seventy-six miles from London "as the crow flies," and seventy-six and a half miles by railroad; and a few days ago there was an exciting race between the two cities. The French authorities forwarded to London a very important document as quickly as possible; and the question was whether a carrier-pigeon or the "Continental mail express" could take it the soonest. It was determined to put it to a competitive manner, both means of conveyance. The railroad company selected its strongest and fastest engine; and the French police hired the services of a "Belgian Voyageur," which is of the best breed of homing pigeons. At the moment the train started, the little messenger, with the documents fastened to him, was tossed out of a window of a car. Flying about half a mile high, for a minute or two he circled about as if in search of bearings, and then took a straight course for London. His apparent hesitation led the railroad officers to feel confident in their own success. They made their iron horse stretch every nerve, and they scored a mile for every minute. But in the hazy, sunny atmosphere, and borne along by the west wind, the bird beat the train by twenty minutes—a time allowance representing eighteen miles. He accomplished his entire mission while the engine was seventy-six minutes in accomplishing.

It is now said that the late M. Thiers kept himself up in his latter years only by a supreme exercise of his indomitable will. That his death was hastened by the worry of a political canvass is maintained by a recent Paris letter-writer. For half his time, it seems, he was in a state of torpor, in order that upon occasion he might exhibit the fine faculties of his mind and the intellectual energy of a young man. There was always some imperious duty to step between him and the prospect of mental quiet. He was due in Paris for a consultation with Gambetta on the issue of a manifesto on the very day of his mortal agony. The annual Summer holiday of the ex-President was turned into a stumping tour. He went to Dieppe, but not to find rest, only ovation. There he grew nervous. The mere breaking of the waves on the beach made him frantic. He found Nature "noisy"—a sure sign that he was in a state bordering on mental disease. The physicians advised him to try a quieter place, and he went to St. Germain, which proposed itself. He had hardly reached his hotel before he was called on to receive a deputation. Those weaknesses were intermittent. At certain hours, by a supreme exercise of self-command, he forgot them and summoned all his strength. Then those who saw him went away with the impression that he had wonderfully preserved the vigor of his prime.

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PARIS is a wonderful city in many ways, and not the least astonishing thing about it is the way it can feed. Think to put New York or any other American city to shame. On the 1st of January last it was $380,000,000, consisting of nine separate loans, five of which, amounting to $200,000,000, were negotiated under the Imperial regime; the remainder, $180,000,000, has been contracted since the German war. The payments for interest and into the sinking fund that the debt calls for are $21,000,000 per annum, and the total taxes collected from the people are $54,000,000 a year.

STANLEY, the New York Herald African explorer, is indefatigable. He has reached the west coast at the mouths of the Congo, after a journey which was begun, on the other side, so long ago as the 17th of last November. His party had skirmishes with the natives, at numerous points along the route, and a good many were lost by fighting, fevers and accidents —one being swept over a cataract. The interesting geographical feature of the journey is the confirmation of the belief of Commander Cameron, that the great interior river of Central Africa, the Lualaba, which has its sources among the lakes and mountains and in the equatorial rainfall of the region southwest of the Victoria Nyanza, is in fact one and the same river as the great Congo, or Zaire, which flows into the Atlantic.

THERE is a strong probability that the Forest House may receive a rude shock before the courts. Unhappy in life, buffeting the rude world with sturdy hand, and making more enemies than friends, the existence of Edwin Forrest cannot be said to have been happy. After his death, his will, by which he bequeathed his entire estate, full of bitterness and acrimony; and, living and dying, the career of the actor has been marked by strife. It was believed, though, that all litigation over the estate had ceased, when there appears another claimant, named William B. Forrest, of Boston, who says he is a nephew of the dead actor, and demands a portion of the estate. He has begun an action of ejectment against the Forrest Home, and his lawyer is the same who is now securing the estate for his client. On the other hand, the defendants assert that the new claimant is a pretender, and his claim without foundation. It was generally hoped that there had been an end to Forrest's life had become a closed book, and the public will not thank the gentleman from Boston for re-opening it.

PERSONAL.

Vice Admiral Parla has been appointed Spanish Minister of Marine.

Mr. Beecher and Gov. Williams, of Indiana, are to be the speakers at the Michigan State Fair.

Mr. John Brougham is reported to be too ill to fulfil his engagement at the Buffalo Academy of Music.

Chief-Justice Waite is to occupy, during the coming season, the house in Washington, in which he has been a boarder.

M. Ladan, Director of the Commercial Loan Bank of Moscow, who was sentenced to an account of the Bourse, has also been fined $100,000.

Miss Susan E. Dickinson, elder sister of Miss Anna E. Dickinson, intends to give a series of twelve lectures in Philadelphia, beginning in November.

Gen. Lew Wallace will be a man of some wealth if he can make good his claim for $125,000 against the United States Government for services rendered during the Maximilian troubles.

Franklin Simmons, the Maine sculptor, after three years' residence in Rome, has returned to Providence in Newtonn. He will shortly go abroad again. Mr. Simmons is still young he is but thirty-eight.

People of Maine are congratulating themselves upon the fact that Maine is the state of artists—that Longfellow, Prof Paine, Eastman Johnson, Frank H. Simmons and Miss Cary are upon her list of distinguished natives.

Miss Una Hawthorne's death is announced in some late publications. She was the English friend to whom Elsie, in the was addressed to Mr. Albert Welsted, since whose death she had slowly lost strength, and gradually faded away, as Elsie had done.

The King of Sweden is reported to have made the very best speech at the official dinner celebrating the completion of the Suez Canal. It was succinct and eloquent, and was given in a voice filling the whole room. Nearly all the great crowned heads were guests to the festivities. Yale sent M. Ferdinand Edgren.

"Two Bears," the Sioux Indian who visited the prison at Boston, and was detained for want of money assessed by the unreasonableness of inspectors, has gone to his hunting bones. When shown the cells he was reported to have said, "Ugh! that there were "No good, no good; no place for Indian. Good out, but no good shoot. Ugh!"

The proceeds of Mr. Matthias. Mr. R. B. Corbinger, has given $5000 to be divided in premiums among the female students of the art schools who have agreed to organize gymkhanas, with racing and otherwise, the case of the great Cincinnati organ. The three first premiums are to be each $1000 in gold; the rest is to be divided into smaller sums.

Robert Pasha, the St. Paul correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, tried to make out to Capt Hamilton, formerly of Watonwan county, a British naval officer retired on half pay, who intends to return to the Black Sea country, to enlist, as the Russo-Turkish war is over." The Tribune was perhaps justified in placing over his despatches the head ing, "Give us a Rest!"

Talking of the Sultan, an English correspondent says: "Long, long ago I was acquainted with a little boy who answered the title was The Brother Born to Adversity." I never thought to see him in the flesh; but now, whenever I see the Sultan Abdul Hamid, the Brother Born to Adversity comes back to me under the weight of Mustafa's robes. I say to myself, 'Behold the Brother Born to Adversity.'"

HOME CULTURE.

XV.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compelled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

ADDENDA TO CHAPTER IV.

A book published by Harper & Brothers, called "Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving," is full of valuable information and instruction, not only as to bills of fare, but as to the cost of each dish, and all the various dishes needed for breakfasts, luncheons and dinners.

When a breakfast, a lunch or a dinner, is served after the Russian fashion, no one should ask a second time for any dish. No one passed more than once, one is, of course, at liberty to take a second portion. Servants pass the various dishes so as to prevent confusion. The whole of the portions are not taken off by the butler at a side table and the plate with its portion set on trays in front of each guest, as is frequently supposed in the hasty number over twenty. This method of serving though not so well approved, greatly facilitates the necessary despatch in the kitchen department. Of course, generously placed on a cold plate in front of each person, are immediately removed by the guest (as before indicated.) The second plate also takes the hot plate with the portion which the butler has served on it removes the cold plate with one hand, replacing it with the hot plate with the other. Here will be seen the importance of the immediate removal by each guest of the knife and fork as otherwise the one serving will be obliged to remove them, or be delayed by their tardy removal. The old custom of placing the dishes on the table for exhibition before carving them is now out of vogue. In the more elaborate of these feasts who prided themselves upon their skill in carving, but to the entire satisfaction of all diners-out, this custom is now one of much more expeditious, and all forms should be encouraged. It gives a tendency to limit the time usually consumed in serving the dinner to two hours which good form prescribes. A Washington attorney says, "This is a privilege to dine out, of course." This is good advice. The same writer gives from two to five o'clock as the usual hours for morning calls in that city, which also are the New York hours. It is a pleasure to learn, though Mrs. Dahlgren's little book on Etiquette, for Washington ladies, Washington do not hold the sway there that they do in some of our cities, and that parties presided over by young ladies, and not entirely by the experienced of their parents, are unknown in the capital of our nation. Probably the presence of so many persons of immaturer judgment than is necessary to keep the young in their proper place and, without doubt, the example of well-trained foreign young ladies is beneficial. Both the young ladies and their parents, can no better be reminded of the wonder is that we have been able to maintain in are circles a general understanding of the rules which govern conventionalities of society, and not that there should be a different understanding in each of our great cities.

In Washington, as in other places, it seems that animosities have been engendered by the omission of certain attentions to foreigners, or some and not understood by others, thus proving the importance of a uniform understanding of the duties imposed. Mention is made in Mrs. Dahlgren's book of some senator's wife who took offence because at a dinner the host had taken in the wife of a foreign Minister instead of his own wife. The wife of the first Minister sent to the Court of St. James, on the right, as diplomatic etiquette required him to seat on his right the wife of the Foreign Minister present. We had been informed of a lady who was making a winter at a European court, after having received calls from different members of the court society, feeling that the wife of the English Minister left again, soon after, with that of his newly-arrived First Secretary. As the wife of the Secretary was a complete stranger to her, and had not arrived when the American lady could not understand why the secretary's wife had not accompanied her husband and his call. Her surprise was not over the Americ can lady learned that it was her duty to pay the first call accordingly. This is which example of the ettes of the diplomats from making social calls that it is the duty of others to make; and that, after the first call upon a stranger, it is her duty to call upon his wife, as well as that by neglecting to make this call she had occasioned comment. The knowledge of such exceptional or eccentric rules does not come intuitively, and it would have been a kindness had some friend instructed the lady as to her duty.

Under another occasion the same lady whose husband held no official position, was placed at a dinner that was given for her country to her regret, on the right of her host, while the wives of high official personages were seated beneath her. In this instance the host had taken the precaution to enquire of an acquaintance if it would be in order to seat the lady for whom the dinner was given on his right, and the order of precedence had been explained to him. The experiment, however, proved to be an unfortunate one in inter rupting the kindly courtesy which would have arisen between the American lady and the wife of the oldest diplomat present, who felt herself aggrieved. It is fondest desire of every lady in America to consult our wishes in such matters, and give age, or strangers, or those for whom the dinner is given, the precedence according to a natural claim of the kind. According to English rules, without being in danger of incurring ill-will by not observing the precedence that rank or consequence, in the States in America, however, it is a good plan to regard the prejudices of others in such matters, and to leave out from dinners those who are official positions if you do not wish to seat them where they have a right to expect to be seated, unless you can safely rely upon their not taking offence. Remember, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is a law that is still laid down for the basis of the homage claimed and paid. A fictitious ease will make the meaning clearer. Suppose that a gentleman and her family, or two sisters living in the same house, one married, the other single, should make a call upon a family in which there was a young lady, and that the dowager, upon returning the visit on the reception day and during the hours designated on the cards of invitation, should be received by the young unmarried lady, while the elder one, although at home, is still not make her appearance and no invitation be given to the latter; this would be more than an omission of duty, more than a want of proper respect. The known ignorance of the first lady in America in regard to the rules governing impertinence and that charity that thinketh no evil could alone save her from the imputation that the aged had been treated with premeditated rudeness. Her she, however, been a young girl, instead of a dowager, she would have been the subject of disrespect—no rudeness shown by the married lady's absenting herself, although even then the instinct of a lady should lead her to send her excuse for not appearing.

Within the ethical circle of good society, there is no question of rank, but that of the lady. In this land and imperial court can one hope to meet with that fastidious exclusion of impertinences which mark a society of the highest rank. Some writers seem to go so far as to affirm that there must be two generations of transmitted culture before this state of society, which coincides with his Robert Dale's assertion that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. Admitting this, it is a great pleasure to see a genuine society, even as one finds in the highest circles of rank; and fashionable American society, in many instances, is not far behind it, and is marvellously alike all the world over; and this great difference is found in the fact that the well-bred are in the majority in distinguished society abroad, while with us they are in the minority. Here it is an unusual thing to see women, with the air and manners of ladies, and gentlemen, who are such in name both to be rarely others to the other they possess any principle of good breeding. We would suppose there would be found somewhere within the limits of their family circles a relative who could enlighten them.

The members of this state of things has been attributed to the fact that the people, as a class, expect too much from their government, as in European society; and, therefore, those who, by the accident of a marriage or the possession of wealth find themselves in the position designed without that training which good birth (or good mothers) would have secured them, fancy that the superfluous air which they assume, and the pretentiousness, is "quite high bred," while the truth is that, although the vulgar herd may be in every way enlisted in comparison with them, there is a wide gulf fixed between between sterling gold and its sham; and in accordance with Thackeray that all pretense is ludicrous, especially in the matter of manners, moving in what is considered our best society, one of whom impressed me in every way by her carriage, her conversation, her manners, as a woman of gentle birth and good breeding inquiring about her, I was informed that her grandmother had kept a grocery store, and that, upon verifying the information as a fact, I recalled the homemaid grandmother of the Earl of Guildford and the Marchioness of Bute, and the pleasure I had in each with her beauty, helped to raise her from a peasant's life. It was not until several years had passed that I learned that the grandmother of Josiah Wedgwood, the celebrated potter, occupied in the midst of his servant, fixed his eyes upon them, and said, solemnly: "When I see you here, in all your finery, I say whipped cur, the house of God, I think that my mind that they are of mean birth, low parentage, and that their presence is not in the course, not subject to refinement." In the same way, the sniffy woman, wherever she is found, is

DAVID GRAY'S ESTATE.

Over his form head David Gray,
And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me," he said,
"And sweet toil for the children's bread;

"For him, soft carpets and pictured walls,
A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dressing broke;
A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke.

On in terrle, large crown white hot,
Cool and full but where idle forgot.

At up the highway the blacksmith ran,
In face and mien like a crazy man.

"School house afire!" Man's hearts stood still.
And women prayed, as women will.

While o'er the tumult the wailing cry
Of frightened children rose shrill and high.

Night in its shadows hid men and earth;
The rich lay at ease in their beds.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold,
But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old.

He thought of the family 'round the fire;
"I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray."

The blacksmith's knelt at his children's bed,
To look once more on each smiling head.

"My darlings all safe! Oh, God!" he cried,
"My sin in thy boundless mercy hide!

"Only to-day have I learned how great
Hath been Thy bounty and my estate."

FALSE TO HIMSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY," "HER OWN PRICE," "KATHERINE'S MISTAKE," "HOW NELLIE LOST HER CHANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

Kate finds it hard to get through the days immediately succeeding Blondel's departure. The feeling wears off, however, as it does wear off fortunately, or who could stand through long years of separation from those they love? But her daily round of duties must be gone through, for the sake of her heart were not long hours away. She must get early to have breakfast ready for Mr. Haydon, she must see to the dairy, to the butter and eggs for market, to the household arrangements. She must see about the farm-people's dinner, the baking of bread, the plucking of poultries, the caring of meat, and, besides all this, she is in almost constant attendance through the Spring and Summer upon her aunt.

Mrs. Haydon has become a confirmed invalid, seldom or never leaving her room. Probably this is not a matter of extreme regret to Mrs. Haydon herself. No doubt she finds the peaceful solitude of her own rooms very much more pleasant than the constant bickering and faultfinding down stairs. Up there Mr. Haydon rarely comes to worry or sneer, and Kate waits upon her so deftly, makes her such delicious broths and custards, and brings her such pretty little bouquets of violets and primroses, and reads or chats to her so pleasantly whenever she has time, that poor Mrs. Haydon thinks it is not a bad thing to be too weak to go down stairs.

Kate is indispensable at Coombe, now that the mistress is unable to look after the management of the house. Mr. Haydon, however, very well that her pension has ceased, but he does not remind her of the fact. Kate knows it, however, and has often cast about in her mind for some way of earning money for herself. She would not remain at Coombe now but for her aunt. But the mere mention of her going away is more than Mrs. Haydon can bear, and indeed Kate feels that it would be absolute cruelty to leave her. How could old Selby attend upon her? Would Mr. Haydon sit with her of an evening, and cheer her up when she was "low?" And besides her regard for Mrs. Haydon as an aunt is one has always been kind to her in her own gentle complaining way, Kate loves her because she is Blondel's mother, and Blondel has consigned her to her care as to a daughter's. Blondel has tried hard to make Kate promise to remain at Coombe, under any circumstances, till his return; but this Kate has not done. Still, in her own mind, she has made up her mind to stay with Blondel's mother, so long as she is necessary to her, even though the life at Coombe is inexpressibly dull and lonely and monotonous, especially to a girl so energetic and exceptionally clever as Kate Sheppard.

Mrs. Haydon keeps her own room through all that Summer, and through many others. People are not many distinct visitors there, even for a long time, even though they look as if they could not last six months. Mrs. Haydon suffers from asthma, from chronic bronchitis, from palpitation of the heart, from want of sleep, and want of appetite! And yet these things do not kill. And Kate spends long Summer days in her darkened room, and, if she plans for the balmy breath of the fresh delicious air, for a ramble in the woods, for a breezy run through the hay-fields, she only sighs and is silent for a little space.

Her greatest comfort, her sole delight, except reminiscences of bygone hours and tender words, are Blondel's letters. He writes to her by every mail passionate, boyish letters, eloquent with the eloquence of love. Sometimes Kate wonders, smiling, how her boy has learned to write love-letters. She forgets that nothing teaches that but the divine teacher—Love himself, that "there is no more subtle master under heaven than is the maiden passion for a maid." Love makes Blondel write letters that even Kate could not criticise, were she not under the same strange spell herself; not grandiloquent letters, not "book-like" ones, but written just as if he were speaking with the reckless dash, the fervor, the fresh, young, hopeful, and hope-inspiring ardour of a boy.

How Kate treasures those letters! How she reads them over and over again, taking them out at odd moments of leisure, as a rose and a treat in the midst of the dull routine of her work-a-day life! How she words come to her like a strain of beautiful music! How perfect they are! How they make her smile and sigh together!

And meantime the summer fades—it is Autumn—it is Winter. Blondel has been gone a year, a whole year. The first year will prove the longest—Kate knows this. And she sighs a little when she thinks that the year is succeeding years she will not miss him so terribly, will not long for him by poignantly—will, in fact, manage better to exist without him. She wonders if she will feel so too, in even a greater degree. She wonders if he is beginning to forget her. His letters are as warm as ever, though it is not easy for even the most ardent lover to write as warmly after the lapse of a year as he has done the first days or weeks of absence. But Blondel's letters show no falling-off in this respect. He says, and says honestly, that there is no delight, next to getting her letters, is writing to her.

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"You are getting old-looking, Kate," she says to her once.

It is a Winter twilight, and they are sitting in the firelight, Kate resting after a hard day in the dairy, watching the packing of cheese and butter and eggs for the market. It is a frosty evening, and Kate looks pinched and cold.

"Am I, aunt Ellen," she answers quietly; but a sharp sudden pang goes straight to her heart. She has fancied this herself more or twice, looking in her glass, but to hear it put into so many words gives her a curiously bitter pain.

"Yes, you are changing, Kate. There are lines on your forehead and shadows under your eyes. But, of course, when people come to six or seven and twenty, they must expect to change," and Mrs. Haydon rubs her thin hands over the other, looking down at her niece's face.

"I suppose so." Kate answers, merely. She is thinking how she has spent her youth in caring for her aunt, in close attendance in a sick-room, so as to mean a freshening process.

"I think it is a pity you didn't marry Blondel when he wanted you to do so," Mrs Haydon goes on, musingly. "Men are so different from women, and their engagements are not good. He will find you greatly changed from the Kate he remembers."

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"A man is so much younger than a woman is, you were a child and tweaky," Mrs. Haydon continues, not out of cruelty—far from it—but partly because she has no tact and partly because she thinks it is well to prepare Kate for a possible contingency. "And Blondel was always particularly boyish, while you were the most old-fashioned child I ever knew. I wish you had married Blondel before he went to India, Kate, or else had had nothing to say to him at all."

Perhaps Kate wishes the latter too, but she certainly does not wish the former. She is too proud to let a man think he has tied to a wife whom he would not woo as a girl.

"I shall never hold Blondel to an engagement that is distasteful to him, aunt Ellen," she says, in a low tone.

"I know that, dear, I know that. I'm thinking of you now, not Blondel."

Kate looks into the fire, a great pain in her solemn eyes. For the first time she seriously contemplates giving Blondel up, whether he objects to her doing so or not. It is for his good; for what possible advantage could it be to him to wander about, no longer young, unable to raise him in the world through connection with rich or powerful people? It would be bad for Blondel, and, if so, she loves him too much to wish it for any possible good to herself!

And perhaps he will be glad to be released! This thought is even more bitter than the other, but she must entertain it, bitter as it is. If he will write to him, releasing him from the engagement, and setting before him all her reasons for so doing.

This resolution once taken, Kate carries it out immediately. She writes to Blondel by the very next mail. She receives a letter from him the day before she writes—an affectionate letter, not as passionately ardent as the first boyish letters—that could not be expected after the lapse of so many years—but a manly letter, talking of his return, and of the happy years he hopes they shall spend together in the future. He has no thought of breaking off with Kate when he wrote this, at all events! So she thinks, gazing at it through her tears. She is glad that the first mention of it should be in his own writing. Of course, in her heart, she hopes he will repudiate the idea, reject it with passionate scorn, and, if so, how glad she will always be that she gave him the option! If he accepts her offer, she will still be glad she made it, for want of appetite! She will do these things; do not kill. And Kate spends long Summer days in her darkened room, and, if she plans for the balmy breath of the fresh delicious air, for a ramble in the woods, for a breezy run through the hay-fields, she only sighs and is silent for a little space.

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"I know that, dear.

AT LAST.

With great branch-down, of bud and leaf stripped bare, [illegible]

[illegible]

—Scribner's Monthly.

JENNY.

An Actor's Story.

"It's of no use, Ellersly—the piece can't be played; there is not a woman living would undertake the part in the time."

Mr. Chumleigh, lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Northopolis, gives vent to a groan of despair as he speaks, and plunges his hands deep down into the pockets of his fusty brown overcoat—a garment which he clings to with all the tenderness of old acquaintance, and which he persistently refuses to exchange for another of more fashionable cut and less threadbare tendencies.

"It is terribly unfortunate, sir," I answer, sympathetically. "Can't Miss Rawlings be persuaded to do her best under the circumstances?"

"You had better go and ask her," the manager responds, with a bitter laugh. "You know her amiable temper. It is highly probable that she will consent to appear before the 'B. P.' (British Public) with a swollen face, and, even if she did, fancy the absurdity of a romantic heroine with an unconcealable attack of erysipelas! No, no, my boy; we must give up the production for the present, and substitute a 'repeat' to-morrow night. There is nothing for it but to go at once and see about some posters."

"But some of the big reporters and more than one London manager are coming down expressly to see the new piece," I remonstrate, feebly; "and, should it prove a success, you might take the whole company up to town."

"My boy, what's the use of talking?" snaps the lessee. "You know very well the whole thing depends on Rawlings, and I won't have it made a hash of if it's never to be played at all. Confound that woman! I wish she had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before I was tempted to have anything to do with her! She has done everything to make herself consistently disagreeable all the season; and not content with that, she ends by knocking up the business altogether."

Muttering and growling to himself, he stalks away to one of the carpenters.

Poor old Chumleigh, I cannot help pitying him. For weeks past, I have noticed that the lines on his handsome, middle-aged face have been growing deeper, and that his thick dark hair has been acquiring a perceptibly larger sprinkling of silver threads. Theatrical management is scarcely a bed of roses anywhere, I fancy; but at the Theatre Royal, Northopolis, it bears a much greater semblance to a couch composed of thorns. Uneasy lies the head that takes upon itself the responsibilities and pecuniary arrangements of this apparently desirable property—for the Theatre Royal, Northopolis, is one of the largest and prettiest in the provinces, and if you can contrive to hit the nail on the head and happen to suit exactly the taste of the very extensive population, your fortune may be literally made there. In this, however, lies the difficulty. Northopolis holds peculiar views in matters relating to Thespis, and is not to be conciliated into believing in whatsoever it is its sovereign will and pleasure not to believe.

In respect of accommodating himself to the popular prejudices, Mr. Chumleigh has been singularly unfortunate, and the natural efflux from the treasury during the last few months has considerably overbalanced the influx. To any one at all acquainted with theatrical concerns, it will be obvious that such a condition of affairs can lead only to one result—namely, an inevitable "smash up."

At last, however, it seemed that Fortune was about to smile on the almost despairing lessee. A new and powerful historical drama, written on a popular local subject, by a popular local author, had been offered for his acceptance, and in due course placed in rehearsal. The local papers had been ecstatic in their prognostications; the fame of the new work had even travelled to the "Great City" itself—where the author was already favorably known—and excited the interest of the most exalted "theatrical potentates." An overflowing and critical house was naturally expected to witness the first representation.

But, alas, for the instability of human hopes and the fickleness of deceitful fortune. The very day before the grand production Miss Rawlings, the leading lady, who had been threatened for some time with symptoms of the disfiguring malady before alluded to, appeared at rehearsal with a face inflamed, swollen and distorted, and declared herself incapable of appearing in the part allotted to her.

Terrible was the dismay created by this catastrophe. For a brief half-hour despair and chaos reigned in the dismal and dimly-lighted region behind the footlights, and frantic shrieks resounded through the cavernous and misty gulf of the auditorium, draped in brown holland, and hung with crystal gasaliers that seemed to shake and quiver with the uproar.

When the inevitable fiat went forth that the piece could not be played, Miss Somerville, the chambermaid, who had a part in which she expected to set the Thames on fire, went into boisterous hysterics in the arms of Simpkins, the low comedian; Mrs. Harman, the first old woman, shrieked aloud her disappointment in a quivering treble; Johnson, the heavy villain, took the corner with impressive strides and deep bass rumblings; while poor old Chumleigh fairly danced a hornpipe with despair.

I, Frank Ellersly, the juvenile tragedian, alone was silent, though upon me the blow had perhaps fallen heaviest of all. My part was a magnificent one, and for years I had been working hard in the country and indulging in the dream of an eventual success in London. Now, at the last moment, when the chance for which I had waited seemed approaching, to have the cup dashed as it were from my very lips was almost more than I could bear. I was fairly stunned for the time by the overwhelming nature of the blow.

It was after the commotion had subsided, and most of the others had taken their departure, that the conversation I have above recorded took place with the manager.

At its termination I grope wearily down the dark stairs leading to the stage door, and like a man in a dream walk moodily home to my lodgings through the crowded thoroughfares to tell the news to Jenny.

I have not mentioned that Jenny is my wife, and one of the handsomest and sweetest and most lovable of wives in all the world, I don't care what anybody says to the contrary.

Poor girl! The present collapse will be a terrible disappointment to her, for she too has been indulging in dreams of my success in London and visions of a brougham to drive in the park, and a villa at St. John's Wood, together with new bonnets and dresses to an unlimited extent, and many other feminine delights and ambitions to be speedily gratified. [illegible] I am a [illegible] Kean at the very least; and, whatever the world may eventually decide concerning my ability, her tender and unbounded admiration is unspeakably sweet to me.

She rises as I enter our ground-floor sitting-room with a happy flush on her fair oval face and a glad light shining in her dark, dreamy eyes, but the next moment my face and her woman's quick perception show her that there is something wrong.

"Frank, why do you look like that? What dreadful thing has happened?" she exclaims, flinging her arms round my neck with a woman's first impulse of consolation.

"I am almost afraid to tell you, dear," I answer. "Oh, Jenny, there is an end to all our hopes and wishes!"

"What do you mean, Frank?"—with a little gasp and a pitiful glance of terror and amazement. "Wherever it is, let me know the worst."

"Jenny," I say solemnly, "Miss Rawlings' is too ill to play her part, and the new piece cannot be produced."

My wife does not speak for a moment—the news has taken away her breath. Then after a slight pause she does not burst into tears and repining as I have expected, but, quietly putting up both her hands, draws my face down to her and covers it with kisses.

"My poor Frank," she whispers—"my poor Frank!"

This is more than I can bear. I could have endured anything but this proof of my darling's unselfish devotion; but under this my manhood gives way, and with a hoarse, dry sob, I sink into a chair and bury my face in my hands.

If she had bewailed her own disappointment I could have tried to console her, and make the best of matters—if she had even burst into tears I might have kissed them away; but this utter forgetfulness of self in her deep, absorbing tenderness for me completely overpowers me, and I cannot utter another word.

For a little space silence reigns between us, and Jenny is the first to break it.

"Frank," she says, I have thought of something—the piece can be played, after all."

I look up in vague bewilderment, and see that she is standing before me, straight and resolute, with strange sparkling eyes, and cheeks aglow with sudden inspiration.

"What do you mean, dear?" I asked, with an almost unconscious revival of hope. I know that Jenny would not speak so determinedly without sufficient cause, and I wait eagerly to hear her solution of the difficulty.

"Promise that you will not laugh at what I am going to propose—promise that for once, Frank, you will let me have my own, however hopeless and wild you may think my scheme."

"I am scarcely in a laughing humor, dear," I answer, "and you know I always think your arrangements much too wise to be interfered with. For pity's sake, Jenny let me hear your project."

"Frank," she says, gravely, "Miss Rawlings' illness shall not interfere with your prospects. Go to Mr. Chumleigh and tell him that I will play the part myself."

I start up aghast! For one terrible moment it seems to me that Jenny's senses must have deserted her. She has never spoken a line on the stage in her life, and there are very few, even among experienced actresses, who will undertake a blank-verse part of any importance (have I mentioned that the new piece is partially poetical?) at twenty-four hours' notice. Her calm determined expression, however, reassures me, and I shake my head.

"Impossible!" I answer, mournfully. "My poor child, you don't know what you are talking about; you cannot know the difficulty of ——"

"I do know that we are wasting the precious moments now," she interrupts, impatiently. "Frank, I have anticipated all your objections. You think I could not be perfect. But remember I have accompanied you to all the rehearsals, and know thoroughly the business and many of the words of the part, I must be blind and deaf if I did not. Oh, Frank, you know I am not stupid—and think, if I should succeed in getting through respectably, your future, dear, may be perhaps assured! Frank, do let me try!"—all this with a rapid and excited utterance, and eager, pleading tone.

I look at my wife's sweet face, and feel myself yielding. At least her beauty will excite the public sympathy, I think, and she may have talent that has never hitherto occurred to me to speculate upon. Then the advantages to us both, should she not be an utter failure, are to be considered. Finally, I gave a reluctant consent to her at least making the effort.

"That's my own dear Frank!" she exclaims, delightedly. "Now go at once to Mr. Chumleigh and get the part —— No, stay, I will go with you; he cannot refuse me."

And looking at her fair young beauty, I think the man would be hard-hearted indeed who could.

In a few seconds Jenny is equipped for the expedition, and almost before I know what I am about we have reached old Chumleigh's house and are ushered into the managerial sanctum.

"What is it, Ellersly?" he asks, looking up wearily, as we enter, from a formidable pile of suspicious-looking papers. "Ah, good afternoon, my dear"—perceiving Jenny. "I hope you are not come about the arrears of your salary. I have so many bills to make up, my boy, that I am afraid I must ask you to wait."

Poor Chumleigh! Monetary considerations are always uppermost in his mind.

"It is not that," I answer. "We—that is, my wife is here to make a proposal. She wishes to play Miss Rawlings' part to-morrow night."

"Nonsense!" Chumleigh cries, starting up eagerly. "Mrs. Ellersly, you don't really mean that!"

"Mr. Chumleigh, I was never more serious in my life," Jenny answers, with calm self-possession.

The manager's face, which has lighted up with a momentary hope that tells how much the production of the piece must mean to him, as suddenly falls again, and he sinks back into his seat.

"You could never study it in time," he objects. "Mrs. Ellersly, I am very much obliged to you, but I dare not trust you. You see, a failure would be ruinous. Besides, you have no experience—you are not even an actress."

Jenny advances, cool and dignified, with a quiet grace that is all her own.

"No, Mr. Chumleigh," she answers, gravely, "I am not an actress, but I am a woman, and I love my husband. I have a conviction that his success in life depends more or less upon to-morrow night, and for his sake I feel that the ordeal I am anxious to encounter would not be beyond my strength."

Her voice is clear and ringing, her attitude is full of grace and expression, and her beautiful face is flushed and eager.

Chumleigh looked at her in silent admiration.

"By Jove, Mrs. Ellersly," he exclaimed at length, "if you look like that on the stage, you'll make your fortune and mine too! At all events you shall have the chance. Here is the part you ask for. Remember, it is very long, and will take you all your time to master, even if you have the genius of a Siddons. Ellersly, my boy, call at the printer's and bill-poster's on your way home and countermand the posters I have ordered announcing the change of performance. Mrs. Ellersly, you are the pluckiest woman I have ever encountered; but for your own sake, for all our sakes," go home and get to work. Mind you come perfect the morning. I will have an early call for you."

And, thus dismissed, Jenny and I depart—thoughtful and filled with anxiety, she rejoicing and triumphant.

When the evening's work is over, and the call for the new piece (without parts) is on the board as usual, the commotion is almost as great as that which prevailed when its impracticability was decided on, and Jenny is of course freely discussed.

"Oh, the sweet angel!" cries Mrs. Somerville, the chambermaid with the inflammatory part. "I'm quite certain she'll be a success; and, oh, Simpkins"—with an ecstatic burst to the low comedian—"we shall have our business with the donkey and the stuffed stick, after all!"

"I never heard of such a thing!" quavers Mrs. Harman, the old woman, in her squeaky treble. "The assurance of a young beginner attempting a part like that! When I was a girl managers didn't encourage novices in making those exhibitions of themselves."

"But that was so long ago, granny!" sneers young Everard, the walking gentleman, who I have always fancied cherishes a sneaking regard for Jenny, and who knows Mrs. Harman's age is rather a sore point with her.

"At least walking gentlemen were not walking sticks in those days," snapped the old lady, viciously.

"Frank, my boy, you shouldn't let your wife make such a fool of herself," growls Johnson, the "heavy" man.

But I answer them all very briefly. Truth tell, my heart sinks within me when I think of the magnitude of Jenny's enterprise and I walk home weary and despairing.

I find my wife hard at work on my return, and hard at work she remains during the tedious hours of the night, long after I have sunk into a feverish and unrefreshing sleep.

In the morning we were punctual at rehearsal, and Jenny, by my advice, reads her part, and, cutting out all the long speeches, comes at once to "cues." I know by bitter experience how difficult it is to speak a fresh part when you are not acting it, and when you are interrupted every second minute by the stage manager's directions. In a case of quick study, however perfect you may be, the words seem to fly from you, and you begin to think with absolute terror that you know nothing of the part at all. I feel that if Jenny is to get through anyhow at night it will be better to spare her so heavy a trial; and though the company shake their heads and look lugubrious, mutely prophecying an entire collapse, Jenny placidly reads on in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, for I have cautioned her against unnecessary exertion.

Everybody connected with a theatre knows what the rehearsal of a new play is on the day of its production. Carpenters are hammering away at new scenic devices, the property man rushes frantically about in pitiful confusion, scene-painters are putting the finishing touches to their work, the stage manager is vituperative and denunciatory, and everybody in general is thoroughly disagreeable and uncomfortable. But even a last rehearsal must come to an end at some time, and at six o'clock we are at length dismissed to take what refreshment we please, and make such preparations as are possible before the performance at half-past seven.

Jenny refuses to leave the theatre, and retires to the ladies' dressing-room, where the gorgeous apparel originally designed for Miss Rawlings is laid out in readiness for her, and the wardrobe-mistress is engaged in a stormy discussion with the dresser. This being a special production, the ladies are not expected to find their own attire—luckily for Jenny, who, of course, is without theatrical properties of any sort. I leave my wife half the contents of my purse, telling her to be sure and send out for some tea, or whatever else she may fancy in the form of restorative, and adjourn myself to the nearest coffee-house, thoroughly fagged out.

When I return to the theatre, I find the doors are open, and that the house is filling rapidly. At the stage entrance I meet George, the gasman, an old retainer of Chumleigh's, who is deeply attached to him.

"You are looking dead, sir," he remarks, compassionately.

"I am very tired, indeed," I answer; "I don't feel as if I could do anything at all to-night."

"Don't give in like that, sir, for pity's sake!" the man exclaims, with an anxious face. "For all our sakes you must do all you know in the new piece. They do say, if it's a frost, the poor old guvnor'll have to bust up."

So even the workmen have got wind of our manager's insolvency!

"Don't be afraid, George; I shall manage to get through," I reply, with assumed cheerfulness.

"I ain't never afeard of your being all right, sir," he answers, admiringly; and I pass on to the gentlemen's room, where such of my fellow-actors as dress with me are already assembled.

* * * * * * *

"Overture and beginners, gentlemen!" shricks the shrill voice of the call boy. Nothing will persuade the imp that his views respecting the orthography of the first word are somewhat erroneous; and the blunder has often amused us actors, who are generally light-hearted enough while at the theatre, and ready to laugh at the smallest joke.

"Look after Mrs. Ellersly this evening, Harry there's a good boy," I whisper after beckoning him to me and putting half a crown in his hand; "you know she's not used to the business."

"All right, guvnor. Never say die! I'll pull her through," says the little wretch, with a patronising nod and sticking his tongue in the side of his mouth, diplomatically dodging at the same time the hair brush I hurl indignantly at his audacious head, and disappearing with a horrid leer.

When I have completed my toilet, I descend to the green-room, where most of the company are already assembled and grouped around Jenny, who certainly makes a most dazzling picture in her white satin robe with its train of purple velvet, and a perfect blaze of stage gold and jewelry gleaming from her arms and neck and soft brown hair.

Foremost among Jenny's tormentors on the present occasion is the amiable Miss Rawlings who, with features swollen by disease, and even more disfigured by jealousy and spite, has crept down to the theatre to assure herself of the ignominious failure of the presumptuous substitute.

"Don't let them frighten you, dear," she remarks, sweetly, alluding doubtlessly to some pleasing observations that have been made before. "Everybody fails at first; and, when the audience begin to guy and hiss you, go quietly on, and don't take any notice."

"Of course, you will feel horribly awkward at first, my love," chimes in the antediluvian Harman, "and the house is certain to scream at all your sentimental scenes—but don't give in. Keep as cool as possible, and don't attempt to overact."

"I may as well tell you that you won't be able to hear the prompter, dear," observes Miss Marston, the walking lady; "nobody is able to catch the word until they are thoroughly experienced, so you had better walk off and look at the book yourself."

Jenny's apparent coolness under this delectable battery is really something astonishing.

"You are all very kind, indeed, to take such an interest in me," she answers, with sweet composure. "I shall certainly try to avail myself of your excellent advice."

Surely this is not my gentle, loving Jenny, this calm, self-possessed woman, who holds her own with such careless ease where many a proud, brave heart has shrunk and quailed. "At any rate, they have met their match," I think, with grim satisfaction.

"If she only knows the words, Jenny has pluck enough to carry her through."

Then I am called for my first scene, and as I make my entrance the usual burst of acclamation greets me, and, bowing slightly to acknowledge it, I soon become absorbed in the thrilling interest of my part.

My exit amid enthusiastic applause is the "cue" for Jenny's first appearance, and with my heart literally in my mouth I stagger against the wing, and wait to see how she will comport herself.

She enters slowly down a raking "piece" at the back, and, advancing to the centre of the stage with a graceful, gliding motion, stands in the full, broad glare of the gas and lime lights, beautiful and silent as a statue.

The audience accord her a somewhat frigid reception, and when the applause dies away I listen eagerly to hear her speak.

Surely I must be dreaming. Low, clear and thrilling, penetrating to the farthest corner of the closely-packed theatre, the tones of my wife's voice rise upon the silence, modulating themselves to the harmony of the sweet, sonorous verse she has to speak, with such exquisite elocution as I never remember to have heard.

A low buzz of admiration goes round the house. Already she has made a favorable impression.

Presently I have to re-enter, and we are left on the stage together.

The scene between us is one of tender passion, of tears, of parting and despair; and as it deepens in intensity my wife seems to glow and quiver with an inspiration that is almost supernatural. The instinctive harmony of her gestures, the richness of her voice, first low and pleading, then fierce and agonized, seem absolutely to petrify the dense audience into breathless silence; but, when at length I tear myself from her clinging arms at the close of the act, and she falls white and senseless, the curtain comes down amid such a thunder of applause as surely the walls of the Northopolis Theatre have never resounded to before. Again and again I lead her before the curtain, while bouquets from the boxes fall round us in a dazzling shower, and pit and gallery rise to their feet as one man, and wave their hats, and stamp and shriek and roar in their ungovernable delight. When at last the tumult abates, I retire with Jenny, pale by this time, and almost fainting, behind the scenes. Old Chumleigh flings his arms around her and me by turns, and first becomes incoherent, and then hysterical.

The author and the London critics and managers troop round the stage, and overwhelm us with congratulations. The members of the company crowded about to get in a word edgeways.

"Accept my congratulations, dear," simpers Miss Rawlings, with a savage smile.

"I felt you would be a success from the first, my love," quavers Mrs. Harman, approvingly.

"How could she help it? She is charming!" rhapsodizes Miss Marston.

"Frank, my boy, your wife will make your fortune," comments the ponderous Johnson.

"How about novices, now, granny?" enquires young Everard, politely.

But upon this occasion Mrs. Harman is conveniently deaf to his satire.

As far as success is concerned, the remaining acts are but a repetition of the first, and the piece from beginning to end is one huge triumph.

"But, Jenny," I exclaim, when we have once more reached home, "are you really my own little wife or some great enchantress the fairies have sent me in exchange?"

"Don't be absurd, Frank," she whispers; "there is nothing so wonderful in what I have done to-night if you knew the source from which I drew my inspiration."

"My darling, tell me, where did you get your courage and your genius?"

"Can you not guess, Frank?"

I shake my head.

"In my love for you!" she murmurs; and I fold her to my heart in a passionate embrace.

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, Sept. 6, 1877.

DEATH OF M. THIERS.

On Monday, September 3, at six o'clock, at St. Germain, M. Thiers succumbed from an attack of apoplexy, the first symptoms of which manifested themselves in the morning of that day. He arose unusually early (as it was his intention to come to Paris, having a rendezvous at two o'clock with [illegible]), took his accustomed walk, with the assistance of his valet, partook of his dejeuner with an excellent appetite (attributing his [illegible] return of health to the change of atmosphere), but just as he was about finishing [illegible] noticed an alteration [illegible] such a character [illegible]. M. Thiers [illegible] every moment more [illegible] was summoned, who immediately pronounced the case very serious, and, notwithstanding all the necessary remedies were resorted to, all was without effect, and at a few moments after six o'clock, P. M., the great statesman and politician expired softly and sweetly, contrasting greatly with the life of excitement and agitation that he had lived. Lately the ex-President has shown signs of the approach of death in the state of restlessness into which he had fallen, and his great desire for change. He has been going from place to place in hopes of regaining his health, and, as a last resort, took up his temporary residence at the Pavillion of Henry IV., where he felt that he was improving, eagerly anxious to regain his health and strength for the coming contest, never thinking that the powerful arm of death would at one dire stroke, end all those political schemes and dreams for the future. From the moment he was attacked he was both speechless and helpless; he tried to articulate, but, finding his inability to do so, he made signs for a pen, but was unable to transfer to paper whatever was his last wish. When put upon his bed, which was done shortly after the attack, he fell into a comatose state, in which he remained till death came to his release. In a few hours the news was spread in Paris. M. de Girardin (of the Courrier des Etats Unis) was the first one telegraphed for; the Minister of the Interior was afterwards sent for, also Meissonier the artist. Madame Theirs was the recipient, at an early hour, of a telegram from Madame la Marechale et Monsieur le Marechal de MacMahon expressing their sympathy for her. The State will take charge of the funeral of the ex-President. France owes this supreme homage to the man who governed it, and in despite of his errors has been a superior being, and merits a place in the Pantheon among the celebrated national celebrities of France. This is not the hour to speak of the faults of this great man, when the tomb is open to receive him. The role of M. Theirs at the time of the deplorable events which terminated the Empire is too well known to reiterate. He tried to prevent the war, and during the campaign of 1870-71 he travelled all over Europe to obtain alliances to France. Named Deputy by twenty-five departments he was elected by the National Assembly as Chief of the State, signed the peace, put down the Commune, and afterwards (for reasons with which you are already acquainted), sent in his resignation on the 24 of May, 1873. It deserves reflection that the "man of State," who has just died, died a plain citizen, as he had lived. He was M. Thiers from the beginning of his life to the end. In a monarchial government he would have accepted perhaps the name of —— preferred to Count, Duke or Prince, but he remains simply M. Thiers. The pen refuses to write him "Thiers," like Bismarck, Gortschakoff and others, it was always Monsieur, and the Monsieur will remain to him to posterity; it was the title of nobility required by this great man for his genius. Notwithstanding he was a journalist, an art critic, Counsellor of State, Minister and President of the Republic, in all the phases of this life through which he has passed, it has always been "Monsieur Thiers." In speaking of the political men of our time, we say, familiarly, Gambetta, Jules Simon, Jules Favre; but of him always Monsieur Thiers, and the great deference that all the world had for this great man (outside of his political passions), will remain one of the great figures of the age.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

What will be the consequences of the death of M. Thiers? That is the question and the conversation which is in agitation. The universal opinion is that the Left Centre is decapitated, and it loses not only its personality, but those who were attached to it by their interest and preference for the great French citizen. Now, that he is dead what will they do? They will not accept the leadership of Gambetta. It is more extremely probable that in future the Chamber of sixty or eighty voices, which would [have] followed M. Thiers, will refuse to attach themselves to M. Gambetta. Nothing is then left but to return to the bloc [illegible], and retake again the position on the ground of reconciliation (which they never should have quitted), or continue the contest and let themselves go with the Radical current. Should the Republicans gain a majority in the Chamber and adopt violent measures, there would certainly be an immediate Conservative reaction which would defeat all steps that would lead to trouble. Besides, the recollection of the fearful disasters of 1870 are too fresh in the minds of the French people to give M. Gambetta any chance of becoming the centre of any political movement. He is anxious, of course, to make his party think that he and they are one and inseparable; but we are inclined to think that the Republicans are too wide awake to share such an opinion with him. The sudden death of M. Thiers will, we believe, modify very much the situation, which was anything but encouraging.

THE OBSEQUIES.

The Ministers have decided (with the consent of Madame Thiers) that the funeral ceremonies will take place Saturday, at twelve o'clock, at the Hotel des Invalides; from there the body will be placed in the family vault at Pere La Chaise. The ceremonies will be, no doubt, on a grand and magnificent scale, showing to the widow that, by these universal homages to her late husband, the French people are not ingrates, and that France knows how to honor those who have served her. The President being out of Paris the day after the death of M. Thiers, sent a despatch to his ministers "to unite immediately, and to give the greatest solemnity to the funeral arrangements, for this death must be a national manifestation and not a 'party affair.'" Madame Thiers has evinced very bad taste in exacting that the 363 ex-Republican Deputies and Senators shall be placed in the cortege immediately after the family. She wishes to name those who will hold the end of the canopy and deliver the discourses at the cemetery; without this privilege she refuses absolutely that the State shall have charge of the obsequies.

Sept. 7, 1877.

THE CONFISCATION OF THE BODY.

The death of M. Thiers surprised and moved the public to this point that all prejudice and party feeling seemed to be dormant, but before the body is hardly cold the furious hate of his party begins to manifest itself. With the advice of several ex-Senators, Madame Thiers has put the Government to the necessity of withdrawing the decree in regard to the funeral. The demand made is that the 363 Republican ex-Deputies should walk immediately behind the hearse as a political body (qualities which they have lost since the dissolution of the Chamber.) We should exonerate, however, Madame Thiers, for she, of course, is not in the condition of mind to perceive that in making this funeral a simple party manifestation, it loses in its imposing grandeur. The obsequies, organized by the country and in the name of the entire France was the last honor to be rendered to this great man; it was, moreover, an occasion to show to Europe that a man having governed the country died in the midst of his countrymen, surrounded by the respect of all the people who had treasured the remembrance of eminent services rendered by a great man during a sad epoch of French history. In issuing the order for the funeral (at the expense of the State) of the illustrious man, the Marshal interpreted the public opinion. If he had acted otherwise, the ex-Senators, who now confiscate the body, would have reproached the Government for want of respect due to the memory of the first President of the Third Republic. Instead, therefore, of having an imposing funeral, M. Thiers will, in the midst of a Republic reunion, be interred silently in the Tomb of Pere La Chaise.

GEN. E. F. NOYES.

On Wednesday the President of the Republic received, with the usual ceremonies, at the Palace of the Elysee, the new Minister of the United States, Gen. Noyes, who presented to him his credential letters. After the usual salutations and wishes for the health and happiness of the Marshal and his family, the new Minister referred to the ties of gratitude and friendship which united France and the United States, and the century which had just past since the Proclamation of Independence had bound them closer together. The Marshal-President assured the Minister Plenipotentiary of his firm wish to maintain and to strengthen this friendship. The Marshal received afterwards the visit (of adieu) of the ex-Minister of the United States, Mr. Washburne, to whom he accorded a most hearty and cordial welcome.

THE ETRETAT AFFAIR.

The parties concerned in the disturbance at Hotel Hanville, Etretat, of which I made mention in my last letter, are Mr. Ralph Curtis, Mr. Thomas P. Rich (of Boston), and an individual who claimed to be the Count de Lur Saluces. From the account of an eye witness the Frenchman was certainly to blame, and behaved throughout in the most insolent manner, and challenged any American present to fight with pistols, swords or sabres; and also entered a suit against Mr. Rich for attempt at assassination. Since these events Mr. Bridgeland, the American Vice Consul at Havre, has been to Etretat to see that justice is done Mr. Rich. The opinion is that nothing will come of the affair. The Frenchman has gone off, and the Government are taking proceedings against him as a swindler. A letter has just appeared in the Figaro, signed "Marquis de Lur Saluces," in which he says that the individual who assumed his name at Etretat is an impostor, and that he intends to have him followed up, and, when found, shall prosecute him to the fullest extent of the law. L. N.

GOSSIP FROM THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22, 1877.

At last the nation's Capital is blessed with the delightful Fall weather, which has ever been the boast of its inhabitants. The sky is clear, the wind is just bracing enough to give the school girl the full glow of health upon her dimpled cheeks, while it infects into pure carmine the smiling faces of the anxious belles, and makes the matron healthy and merry, and even the grand dame's face lights up into youth once more from its invigorating powers. The sun—God bless the sun, and prevent any comet from coming along and smashing it up—is doing the exact and proper thing. Its gentle heat seems to help the free breezes in their duties, and I can now announce that the doctors are shaking their heads in sadness and sorrow at the disappearance of malaria, chills, hay fever, and severe colds. Everybody is on the street; everybody seems happy. There is certainly something about this Fall weather that we are having now that drives away the blues, and makes dull care take a back seat.

To add to all this disquisition about the weather, it is extremely gratifying to announce that "the times are better;" at least all the merchants and business men say so, the newspapers say so, the butchers, bakers, tinkers, tailors, and all the rest of mankind say so—and it must be so. Is there a man, or a woman either, so base as not to join in an anthem to Heaven, of Hosannas, that the tide has turned.

THE BARTHOLDI FOUNTAIN—THE FRAUD.

There is not one of the twelve million of people who visited Fairmount Park during 1876 who will not remember the large bronze fountain, set in a large circular basin, situated on the plaza between the Main Building and Machinery Hall. It was an immense affair, with its colossal quartette of female figures holding up the punch bowl to Bacchus, and its little gods and goddesses, seraphims and cherubims, with no drapery but their wings and an occasional fig leaf, squirting out streams of water like a Chinese laundryman sprinkling his washee-washee. The wise men gazed and said it was grand. The women didn't like the way the water overflowed the basin and wet the walks, and of course they denounced the fountain. The experts declared it to be the greatest work in bronze ever gotten up. It was of a green color, and the papers of Philadelphia were loud in their praises of its grandeur of conception and execution. The fifty thousand ladies and gentlemen, representing the press of the world, wrote columns in its praise. This was the grand bronze fountain. Tom Cochrane chuckled in his sleeve. His vain glory shone resplendent when he looked at the bronze fountain. It had been cast in Europe and brought to the Centennial for exhibition. The Board of Finance had the basin made and the fountain erected at their own expense. Quite a number of hundreds of dollars it cost to do this. Then there was a medal given for design, and all that sort of thing. Finally the ladies of the Women's Pavillion insisted that it should be purchased and kept in the Park. The Park Commissioners were willing but somehow or other, the money was not forthcoming. Then the six New York firm, into whose hands its sale was placed, quietly got an appropriation through Congress of $6,000, to have it placed somewhere in Washington. The money was paid, and Solomons & Co., of New York, gave the deed of ownership over to Uncle Sam. The huge affair was taken down and brought to this city, at the expense of its new owner. It is now being put up in the centre of the Botanical Gardens. An enormous basin has been built for its uses, and by the time the savants of the nation are duly assembled Bartholdi's great bronze fountain will be squirting away for dear life the aqueous liquid which the average Congressman delights to gaze upon, but seldom partakes of. The joke of this whole thing, and the outrageous fraud exposed at the same time, is that there is no bronze about this fountain, unless, indeed, it is in the faces of those who perpetrated the fraud. It is nothing [illegible] cast-iron, and [illegible] say, "very bad cast-iron at that." It never cost over $2,000. The owners got it over to this country free of duty and without any expense. They got the benefit of "six or eight" months gratuitous advertising, and ended with selling it to our Government for $6,000. The cast-iron pieces, before they were put together in the Gardens here, were painted the bronze green, as the flow of the Centennial waters had nigh washed off the original coating. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Chairman of Public Buildings and Grounds, stated in the Senate last Winter, while advertising the passing of the appropriation for its purchase, "that the best experts in the country had assured him that it was superior bronze, and that he knew it was bronze." Perhaps his brother Senators won't twit him on bronze. He is the maddest man you can imagine. Upon examining the law, and the deed, it is found that the words read: "Bartholdi's Fountain." Not a word about "Bronze." Thus it will be perceived that the $6,000 cannot be recovered, and we will have to go on every year repainting the cast-iron fraud, just for appearance sake. It's a cast-iron joke on Morrill, and it only requires one to say "Barthold's Fountain" to him, in a subdued tone, to get the staid old Vermonter off into a terrible tangent.

THE INDIANS ARE COMING.

In a few days Spotted Tail, Black Bear, Bull's Head, Fly-Over-the-Creek, and a number of other celebrated Indian Chiefs, will be here—guests of the people. They are to gaze on Schurz, the handsome Secretary of the Interior, who will squint at them through his glasses, and then promenade them up to the White House, where the Great Father will have a big talk with them; and then they will return to their wigwams, their squaws, their hunting-grounds and scalping-knives. I well remember the visit in 1870 of these very sublime chiefs. A new idea struck the folks in power at the time. It was determined to give the chiefs a grand reception at the White House. The members of the Diplomatic Corps, with the ladies and their families, were invited by President Grant to participate in the festivities. They accepted and went in full official uniform, while the ladies were attired in evening party dress. The Cabinet officers wore swallow-tails and white vests, while I never saw the Administrative ladies dressed so exquisitely, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Belknap, particularly. Gen. Horace Porter and Gen. Porter were the Masters of Ceremonies. Miss Nellie Grant was the Queen of Beauty, and was dressed for the character. The East Room was fully lighted up. The Green, Blue, and Red Rooms were decorated with flowers, evergreens, and bouquets. The State Dining-room was turned into a banquet hall, the refreshments consisting of all kinds of fruits, wines, liquors, creams, coffee, tea, cold meats, salads, etc. At seven o'clock the Diplomatic Corps with their ladies, had arrived, as had also the Cabinet, their spouses and daughters. Fish, Boutwell, Delano, Williams, Belknap, Creswell and Robeson composed the Cabinet. In all conscience such a Cabinet gathered together should have forever quenched the murderous fires in the Red man's bosom, but the sequel will show that they didn't quench (except their thirst), worth a cent.

When the President and Mrs. Grant entered the East Room the scene was brilliant indeed. It was, indeed, brilliantly grand. There was the million-and-one colors of the coats and breeches of the Diplomats, with their innumerable medals and decorations, and the very neat and tasteful plain evening dress of the American officials. I never saw Grant dressed more neatly, or look more pleased. The Marine Band, in all the glory of their red coats, discoursed beautiful music in the large auditorium, next the East Room. Suddenly the coaches rolled up to the porch doors, and there emptied their living freight of painted Indian chiefs. They waved no clubs, and carried not the tomahawk nor the rifle. It was a warm evening, and the big chiefs came in their thickest blankets. It is surprising that these aboriginals wear their heaviest clothes in the most sultry weather. As they entered the auditorium, the band played "Hail to the Chief," there being some dozen or more of them. After getting in order, they were marched into the East Room—Babcock and Porter leading the way—the band playing "Here We Come, 300,000 More."

These Sioux, Ogalalies, Cheyennes, and what not, were ranged on the side of the East room next the dressing department. The principal interpreter offered his arm to Mrs. Grant, and then passed down the line, shaking hands with each chief. President Grant followed, with Mrs. Fish on his arm. Then the Cabinet officers, and ladies. Then Sir E. Thornton, the British Minister and his wife, and so on, until every lady and gentleman in the room had shaken the hand of every one of the dusky sons of the forest. Spotted Tail was then, as he will be now, the principal chief. He took a notion to wear a high black hat, and wore it during the entire evening. After the hand shake and some small talk was over, the civilized portion of the assemblage were ranged on one side of the room, and the original owners of this fertile soil stood in solid phalanx on the opposite side. The band played—"We Are All as Jolly as Bees Can Be," and during the rendition of this beautiful and appropriate air, the civilized and Christian side of the house kept bowing to the Big Indian side, while they wrapped in their blankets, salaamed to the very ground. After this became somewhat monotonous both sides broke ranks, and a general comingling and interchange of sentiment ensued. Laughing, talking, and promenading followed in quick succession. At 10 P. M. the doors leading to the Red, Blue and Green Rooms were thrown open, and the distinguished party moved slowly but surely towards the State Dining-room. One of the features just here presented was the refreshing and odd sight of seeing Mrs. President Grant escort Spotted Tail to his seat at the table and take a chair beside him, while the tall and queenly form of Mrs. Minister Thornton sandwiched the old scamp on the other side. Mrs. Fish, with her ever smiling face, her lovely white curls, and her exquisite toilette, chaperoned Hole-in-the-Sky, and so it went on until every chief had two or more of the ladies waiting upon him at the table. I saw Mrs. Fish, during the entertainment, holding a plate of ice cream and strawberries, while Fly-away-Home crammed them down his ugly throat, using a soup spoon as the mediator. They ate and drank, and drank and ate—and especially did they drink; so much so that all the liquors had to be taken out of their way. Bull's-Horns got so much fire-water within him that he demanded to have Mrs. Belknap as his squaw, while Steal-all-the-Horses insisted on dancing the mazurka with Mrs. Boutwell (the staid wife of Mr. Boutwell), who never danced a dance in the whole course of her life. Those of the chiefs who got too much fire-water were hustled out of a side door and driven to their rooms at the Washington Hotel. The others were escorted to the East room, where another chat ensued, while the band played choice operatic airs. The ladies had provided the chiefs with button-hole bouquets, which they either pinned on their blankets or stuck in their scalp-locks. Finally the Indians were taken to their hotel; the Diplomatic Corps withdrew in good order, expressing great delight at the evening's entertainment, while the Cabinet lingered and chatted, and the ladies laughed and laughed at their subjugation of the Red man, for the entertainment was gotten up by Grant as the first step of his peace policy toward the Indian. Spotted Tail and the rest of the chiefs soon returned to their hunting grounds, and I am sorry to say that for a long time thereafter those Sioux and the rest of them did more fighting, took more scalps, and stole more horses, than they were ever known to before. This correspondent was present at the peace dinner alluded to above. Some of the names of the chiefs may not be exactly correct, but the other incidents are undisputed and historic facts. What is Schurz going to do with them next week? is the curious question now.

PHILADELPHIANS IN LUCK.

The Philadelphians seem to be in very good luck here. Tilter & Co. have beaten all competitors in getting the contract to supply the ropes, cordage, etc., to the Life Saving Stations; McCreedy got the contract to lay all the pulpit the Treasury; Sam Collins has received numerous orders for types, and Charley Johnson sold here, during this week, a large amount of inks. By the way, while Sam Collins was here, he visited the Theatre Comique, and the audience arose to a man; they all mistook him for Boss Tweed—he is so large and good natured.

MELANGE.

Judge Fullerton, the renowned lawyer at the Beecher trial, appeared in the criminal courts here to-day, as one of the counsel for Sawyer, Books, Haines & Co., who are being tried for defrauding the Government. A witness for the prosecution was on the stand. Fullerton gave him a careless cross-examination of five minutes, during which he then got out of the fellow; what a scoundrel he was, and what rascalities he had been engaged in. It was the first knock down for the defence. The court-room was crowded with lawyers to see Judge Fullerton, the Giant of the American Bar. He looks hale and hearty, and for the way he has started off, evidently means business in the case.

The theatres have done a very good business the past week. Ford anticipates a lucrative season.

It is stated that the American Steamship Company of your city are going to ask for a subsidy of $000,000 per annum for ten years, for carrying the mails twice a week between Philadelphia and Liverpool. If they get it they will at once build five additional steamers. Why should they not have it? They are the only American line crossing the Atlantic, and their enterprise deserves the support of the Government.

The band which Hon. John Welsh and Mrs. E. [illegible] gave to the Treasury Department for [illegible] the $1,000,000 loan of the Centennial [illegible] to Mr. Welsh a few days since, to be placed in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts [illegible]. It has the signature of many rich men of Philadelphia upon it.

Assistant Secretary McCormick has not yet left the Treasury Department, and it is thought, that he will not resign until the 1st of January. He is spoken of as the Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, if Congress should provide for any such thing, which now seems doubtful.

Hon. Simon Cameron has been enjoying the delightful weather here for the past few days. The old gentleman is a great favorite in Washington.

There is to be quite a raid [illegible] [illegible] will surely be displaced, because he is personally unpopular.

Senator Patterson says that all the South Carolina indictments [illegible] the whole thing will come to naught. He is evidently much frightened [illegible] [illegible] the Philadelphia Custom House Commissioner's report, and [illegible]

DON CARLOS.

FARM AND GARDEN.

DAIRYING IN KANSAS.—According to careful returns compiled by the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, we find that in 1876, there were [illegible] pounds of butter, and [illegible] pounds of cheese, manufactured in Kansas. The total number of cows in the State on March 1, 1877, was [illegible], valued at [illegible], an increase of [illegible], equivalent to a fraction [illegible] per cent. over the previous year.

BELLADONNA [illegible].—The gigantic bulbs of these splendid amaryllis, the Brunsvigia, are frequently imported into this country, but are rarely seen in flower. Many of them are rotted by mismanagement before the them into growth. [illegible] native habitat [illegible] usually [illegible] should [illegible] until [illegible] mer, set [illegible] have, and take time in patience. After growth has commenced they should [illegible] Twice a day they should be well watered.

CURIOSITY OF GRAFTING.—In 1866, M. Carillet, of Vincennes, took two young pear trees, each of which was worked on quince stocks, and one of which was Beurre de Arenberg, and the other Beurre Clairgeau. [illegible] grafted upon it in an inverted position, having its roots fully exposed [illegible]. The operation was performed [illegible] during the Summer [illegible] bore two fruits [illegible] and showed [illegible] complete [illegible] four pears [illegible] two of [illegible] quince [illegible] through [illegible] through the quince again and finally into the varieties of pears.

THE ENGLISH BIRD-CHERRY.—Take it all in all the Prunus Padus, or English bird-cherry, is one of the most desirable of our small-sized trees for ornamental uses. [illegible] crately [illegible] large, [illegible] branching from the ground, and the limbs, all of which assume a drooping character, with are covered with very numerous and especially numerous white, deliciously fragrant flowers. These [illegible] exceedingly powerful, not oppressive, as is the case of the tuberose and some other flowers. The tree grows rapidly for a few years after setting on the lawn, but it [illegible] fruit it produces causes a scarcity of foliage and a starved look. It is readily [illegible] secure a [illegible] are especially fond of them, although bitter and astringent. This species, like most others of the family, throws up a few occasional suckers, and these may be transplanted with success.

KEEPING WINTER VEGETABLES.—After the farmer, those we have [illegible] a good supply of vegetables, they often fail to realize the full benefit of their labor from a lack of knowledge how to keep them. This especially is the case with squashes and that class of vegetables that require to be kept comparatively warm and dry. It is quite usual for them to put them in a pile in the cellar, and then to throw them away because [illegible] pumpkins and all that class of vegetable requires, first, an absence of light; second, a dry temperature not exceeding 55 or 60 degrees, and third, to be so placed that no one does not come in contact with another. We have always had success in keeping squashes well into spring by placing them in a cool, dry chamber until freezing occurs, and then removing them to a closet for safe keeping over Winter. True Hubbard and other hard-shelled varieties may be kept until May and even June. For use until February, they will keep tolerably well in a dry cellar placed on shelves. Rotten squash is the first to decay. The turban—by the way to our mind, one of the best of the Winter varieties, especially for baking—will often keep in good order until March. Thus, only sufficient for use, later, need be treated to the dry cool closet. To tell you, for at the latter part of Winter and early Spring there is a dearth of vegetable food on the farm, that makes such articles especially valuable.

BEST VEGETABLES.—From experiments made the present season at Cornell University, N. Y., the results arrived at as to best varieties are as follows: Snap beans: Four varieties planted; earliest, early yellow, six weeks; best, black wax or butter. Pale beans: Six varieties; best, white Lima. Beets: Eight varieties; best early, early Bassano; best late, long blood red. Cabbage: Eight varieties planted; early, Jersey Wakefield; Henderson's early summer; Winningstadt; best late, Winningstadt, premium flat Dutch. Cauliflower: Best dwarf Erfurt. Carrots: Orange and early short horn; both good, the first late and second early. Sweet corn: Earliest, early Narragansett, planted May 1, ready for use July 24; second earliest and best, early Minnesota; most productive and profitable for main crop, Stowell's evergreen; the sweetest, blue Mexican. Cucumber: Best, white spine. Endive: Best, green curled. Egg plant: Best, New York Improved. Lettuce: Best, early curled Silesia. Musk melon: Best, Alton nutmeg. Water melon: Best, mountain sweet. Okra: Best, early dwarf, large green. Onions: Best, yellow Danvers. Peas: Earliest, Philadelphia extra, sown April 30, ready for use June 25; best late, Champion of England. Parsnips: Best, hollow crown. Radish: Best, French breakfast. Winter squash: Boston marrow, marblehead and Hubbard. Tomatoes: Earliest, the conqueror; most productive, the trophy.

EVERGREENS AND BIRDS.—Few persons who are not in a position to notice it, are aware of what an interesting harbor for a great many varieties of birds is a cluster of evergreens near a house. They are objects of interest for several reasons, and are frequented by birds at one time of the year for one purpose, and at another time for another, so that they are visited at all times by a number of different birds. In the Winter the thick, green boughs of balsam fir, Norway spruce and pines, afford an excellent shelter to birds against the attacks of birds that inclement season. Among these are the common sparrow, song sparrow, ground and tree chippies, snow bird, and sometimes the bearded [illegible] of the far north, will, during extreme cold, visit us as far south as the northern part of New Jersey, and eat the seeds from the cones and such trees. During the breeding season, most birds that build a hanging of large branches many of them visit these trees to get the gum for sticking the threads of their houses together. While thus engaged gathering the gum, they allow one to approach very close to them. The trees are also a great resort for birds that make their domicile in the branches, particularly robbins and cat-birds. Such trees are kept clear from insects, and afford a fine shade in summer affording a pleasant contrast to color to the pure white snow. A cluster of them near a farm-house, or rural home, affords much pleasant interest to the family, and to those who are fond of bird life.

He Wasn't the Man.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

A man with weak eyes and green spectacles came wandering into the office the other day, and wanted us to head a subscription to build a monument over the grave of Brigham Young. We declined. We flatly refused, saying that Mr. Young's family was big enough to provide him with enough monuments to reach from the grave half way to heaven.

"So you won't put down a dollar?" asked the weak-eyed man.

"Not a solitary dollar," we said, "not a nickel, not a stingy red cent."

"What!" he replied, in amazement. "And here is the very place I expected to get the list headed, right here at the literary centre of this busy metropolis. You won't give a paltry dollar in irredeemable, fluctuating currency for a monument over the grave of the author of 'Night Thoughts,' won't you?"

But we assured him that Brigham Young never wrote a line of "Night Thoughts," and that the author of that poem died more than one hundred years ago.

"What!" exclaimed the weak-eyed man, "Brigham Young didn't write 'Night Thoughts?'"

"Not a thought," we said, "he never thought after dark; he went asleep."

"Well, what did he write?" the monument canvasser asked.

"Never wrote anything," we told him; "he didn't know how to write; signed his receipts for money with an X, and preached his sermons off-hand, because he didn't know how to make notes."

"Well, well, well," the agent said, musingly, "how this world is given to lying. What did Brigham Young do if he didn't write poetry and couldn't write, and never thought anything?"

"Married," we said, "married. Didn't need to think to do that. The less he thought the more he married, and when he died he had so many wives that they had to be [illegible] looked like a [illegible] hospital and charity school procession."

The man rose wearily and started for the door.

"Where is your public library? I must find a little something to make my [illegible] [illegible] Young."

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

On the margin of a small, limpid stream in a fertile valley, quite at the water's edge, and at the foot of a sloping hill, green and valleyey with a redundant growth of short grass, stood the mill of Hector Bunting. Experiment Mill it was called, because when the father of the present occupant built it, it was a matter of doubt whether there was sufficient power in the small stream to carry round its great water-wheel. The undertaking, however, was a success, and the builder became quite affluent from the profits of the business carried on there, and was a large landowner at his death.

The dwelling-house stood apart from the mill, its white walls gleaming through the shade trees surrounding it. It contained two rooms besides the kitchen on the first floor, and on the second were four small chambers. A wide hall ran through the centre of the house, terminating in a piazza opposite the garden, roof and shady with clematis and jessamine, which the family used as a pleasant resting-place in the warm Summer days, the garden sending up a rich perfume, and the rhythm of the dripping mill-wheel falling with a soft cadence on the ear.

At a short distance from the mill, the river was spanned by a rustic bridge. Here the bank rose steep and rugged. Rocky points jutted out from the sides covered with wild flowers and creeping plants, while along its summit stretched a belt of forest trees, forming a shadowy wood miles in extent.

Hector Bunting, the present owner, was an only son, of whom his father was anxious to make a professional man and a learned gentleman. He took his degrees at college, studied law, and was likely to prosper in his vocation when he succeeded to the patrimonial estates. He immediately became disgusted with the law and, abandoning it at once, married a young wife and set up an expensive establishment.

There was, at this time, a spirit of reckless speculation abroad, and Hector was soon drawn within its vortex, to be stranded on a barren shore, with nothing left of his property except the mill and some small lands attached to it, and even that was mortgaged to Mr. Elliott, one of his neighbors, for nearly its entire value. Here he was forced to remove with his family. His dispositions, naturally good, became soured by misfortune, and latterly he had fallen into the habit of occasional intoxication.

The wife and mother was a delicate little woman, fair to the eye, with refined tastes and feelings. Of all the children that had been given to her, one only remained—a bright little girl, the object around which all her affections centred.

Another child, also, dwelt in the family—a boy, who had been with them since his babyhood. A mystery surrounded his birth that had been the cause of ill-natured remarks in the neighborhood, but the miller laughed at this gossip, saying that he had taken the child out of compassion when his mother died at the poorhouse and left him to the world's mercy, and that it would be as well if people would mind their own business and let his affairs alone.

The little fellow, at any rate, prospered under the motherly care of Mrs. Bunting, and was a fine, manly boy when he came under the stormier rule of the miller.

"It is high time," the latter said, addressing his wife, "that Philip was taught his proper place in the family. He is becoming arrogant from indulgence, and will soon think he is master of us all. He has now had schooling enough, and I shall take him into the mill with me and learn him to be useful."

Hitherto the children had been constant companions. Lucy was a wild little thing, full of fun and frolic, although partaking of the delicate constitution of her mother. She loved the boy with all her heart, and nothing pleased her so much as to run off to school with him, for in the Summer he always knew where the sweetest wild flowers bloomed, or where the coolest sprig of wood-bine could be found; and better still, when the Winter came, with its cold winds and snow, were their invigorating walks through the frosty atmosphere, bringing diamond sparkles in their eyes and freshest rose to their cheeks. The mother was well pleased that her little daughter had so pleasant a companion.

Mrs. Bunting had often wondered that her husband had allowed Philip to remain at school so long, for the boy was twelve years old now, and able to earn his living, but she did not often question the miller's proceedings. He was easily irritated, and Mrs. Bunting dreaded loud words, she was, therefore, content to yield to him in all things, rather than imperil the peace of the family by opposition to his will. Still she had her thoughts about the boy, which she kept locked up in her own bosom.

All she knew for certain was that, on a cold, rainy night in October, the miller had brought the child home, protected from the inclemency of weather by a thick cloak folded over him, almost drenched with water; but the little fellow was warm and rosy under his heavy wrap, and lifted his head lovingly towards her with a soft coo upon his lips. It was just after God had taken home one of her little ones, and she gladly received this pretty baby to her heart.

From this time the child's antecedents had been a sealed subject between Mrs. Bunting and her husband, and she made no attempt to solve the mystery, knowing that all her efforts to accomplish such a thing would be in vain unless. The little one had, however, gained a foothold in her affections, and she bestowed upon him the same careful attention with which she nurtured her own dear child.

When Lucy discovered that she was to lose her school companion she was inconsolable, and peremptorily refused to go to school herself unless accompanied by him: but the miller had made up his mind, and the current of the river could have as easily been turned into another channel as the intention of his changed, when once fully determined on.

Philip was taken into the mill, and Lucy helped with the housekeeping, glad to be of use to her delicate mother. But the change in Philip was not an immediate one. He did mind the labor, because he always expected, sooner or later, to bear his part in that, but the miller was moody and overbearing, and being determined, as he had told his wife, that Philip should now find his true position in the family, scarcely a day passed that he was not reminded of his birth in the poorhouse, and told how much he owed to the miller's generosity. He was also given to understand that he must consider himself the sole toy for the future, and not expect to be placed on an equality with Lucy any longer.

Philip was a boy of spirit, and he could not bear them taunts without a feeling of resentment toward the author of them; therefore it was not strange that the boy should become a sullen, moody and sullen and, and disobedient to his master.

Twelve years passed away. The companionship between the children was early and fatally interrupted, because the affection they bore each other was too strong to admit of an entanglement.

The miller's family had hitherto been Philip's world, and Lucy his heart's idol. Now, although his love for the mother and daughter remained unchanged, the hard life he led in the mill would sometimes assert itself, and he began to look forward to a time, more or less remote, when he could break the chains that bound him to his thraldom.

It was at the close of a warm Summer day that Lucy, fishing up some sewing work upon which she had been employed, said to Mrs. Bunting:

"I am going out to the woods, mother: the pipsissewa flowers are out in bloom, and Philip is going with me to gather them. Do not say no," she continued, as she saw an expression of denial cross her mother's countenance, "for I shall be really tired of staying in the house."

Mrs. Bunting looked up with a grave countenance.

"Your father is away," she said; "and you know, my dear, that Philip has his work to do. I am afraid, little daughter, you will have to go alone this afternoon; besides, you know, you are not to have Philip with you as formerly."

"And yet, mother, how often you have told me I am not to go alone."

"It is your father's will, not mine. You know the consequence of disobedience to his commands."

"If that is your only objection," said Lucy, as she caught up a sun hat and put it on her head, "I will go for Philip at once."

And she ran out, with a little basket on her arm, looking back as she went with a mischievous smile upon her lips.

Philip had heard the echo of the horse's hoofs upon the road, as the miller galloped off. His work for the day, in anticipation of the projected walk, had been hurried through, and now, finding a few leisure moments on his hands, he threw a bunch of trout from its hiding place, and throwing himself down on a pile of empty bags in a corner of the loft was soon wandering over foreign lands with the author. In a few minutes he heard the patter of light footsteps coming up the mill-loft stairs, and hurried to open the door, to find Lucy on the threshold.

The dazzling sun shone in at the window, tanning into a golden-tinted picture the great bins of yellow corn and stacks of plethoric meal bags, with the boy in his white apron standing in their midst. Lucy came, in extending her hands to him as she said:

"Not ready, and so long past the time! Ah! Philip," she continued, as her eye lighted on the volumes hastily thrown aside, "you have been reading another of Will Elliott's books, and had forgotten all about your little sister and her walk, you naughty boy."

Philip threw aside his apron and brushed the dust from his clothes.

"I am ready, now, Lucy," he said.

As they turned to depart a heavy footstep sounded the stair.

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"How can I be otherwise, with your father's words ringing in my ears? A poorhouse dog, not fit to wipe its dust from you! The time will come, Lucy, when I can bear it no longer." And a resentful flash lighted his large dark eyes.

"Now you are angry! Come, we will go home again. There will be no pleasure in the wood for us if you are in a bad humor."

"No! we will not go back. What matters it about my humors. I am a servant, you know, the poorhouse mill boy, and, if you will it, can walk behind you with your basket."

"O! Philip, you pain me, your little sister; and I love you so much. Father is often cross to me, and I don't scold you about it. We did not come out here to quarrel, did we?" And she looked at him with a pleasant smile.

The darling face and voice were the same affectionate little friend to me. Why should I trouble you with my distresses?"

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The Emperor—The Empress—The Pope—The Emperor's Check for Half a Million Francs—Her Flight to Scotland—The Confederation of Italy—The Fall of the Empire—England, Gladstone and Bright.

NO. 6

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EUGENIE IN SCOTLAND.

The Empress was received quite a time in Scotland visiting among the Scotch nobility and did not return to Paris until the Empress had her check to the Pope duly honored. Then she returned in triumph, and by this "Coup" did a great deal to gain the influence of the Pope, and the Ninth in favor of her darling son. This "coup d'etat" had the effect, however, of assisting a prejudice existing among the Cardinals against the Empress. Rumors had the effect of the Pope, and hastened, as we believe, the alliance of Prussia and Italy against the favorite Prince of Rome, the Emperor. The position that the French troops had to be withdrawn from Rome, and the Pope was allotted a "palace and a garden from which he never more should escape, now will not, we believe, till he is carried, not to the tomb of the Capulets, but to the resting-place of that long line of Roman Pontiffs, the Catacombs, where the crowded royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the supreme Pontiffs, that line of true royalty in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth century, to the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth, and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of history. "Speaking of Napoleon," Macaulay Lindsay says: "The church now the commencement of all the dynasties in the world, and we see no reason she is not destined to be the last of them all." Combing in certain, the old Pontiff has outlived Louis Napoleon, though nearly thirty years a younger man: but whether he is destined to be the executioner of the Napoleonic dynasty in the person of the Prince Imperial, is the great question that is agitating the very heart of France at the present moment.

THIERS' MANIFESTO.

Yesterday brought us a synopsis of the dead statesman, which we briefly chronicled last week. Adolphe Thiers, and he, like a noble soul almost on his death bed, has spoken, as it were, his last words of solemn warning to the people of France. Alas! we fear he speaks in vain, for the Marshal-President, and his associates has told the French people that he will uphold his power by the force of French bayonets. In language short, sharp and decisive, Thiers a little more than a week before he died: If they turn out favorable to the Marshal's policy, well; if not, we may see another election tending into a golden-tinted picture the great basins of yellow corn and stacks of plethoric meal bags, with the boy in his white apron standing in their midst. Lucy came, in extending her hands to him as she said:

"Not ready, and so long past the time! Ah! Philip," she continued, as her eye lighted on the volumes hastily thrown aside, "you have been reading another of Will Elliott's books, and had forgotten all about your little sister and her walk, you naughty boy."

Philip threw aside his apron and brushed the dust from his clothes.

"I am ready, now, Lucy," he said.

As they turned to depart a heavy footstep sounded the stair.

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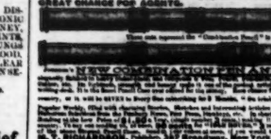

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Shall not be overthrown by sudden fancies."—CYMBELINE.

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G.

[CONTINUED.]

ODD LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT.

This phrase originated from the fact of Cheshire cheese being moulded into the shape of a cat, tension being assumed to represent whiskers. The appearance of the mould was the effect of time and weather, and not artistic, which gave rise to the saying: "He or the giver like a Cheshire cat."

GRIN THROUGH A HORSE COLLAR.

"One who brags and acts with in Grum or grosser quantities, or weights."—Richardson.

By a petition of the Commons of the city of London to the Parliament in the reign of Edward the Third, we learn the origin of the name grocer. It appears that certain complaints had been made against "grossers," or "grocers," had, by error and by collusion between them and their Frenchmen, in regard all kinds of wares, whereby they enhanced unduly the prices, and that they lay up other men's victuals in time of dearth and scarcity. Sarum Hill states that the word grocer or grosser was term of that distinguishing merchants in opposition to mercers, who were originally held in great quantity for by great weight, destiny for the whole of any kind. The grocers seceded from a new ancient guild, called Pepperers, which later fraternity was incorporated as grocers in 1345. Those grocers who dealt in spices were obliged to have it specially inscribed over their doors.

GRUB—DERIVATION OF THE WORD.

This is a common term for rum and water, and originated from Admiral Vernon, who first introduced it on board ship; he was called by the seamen 'Old Grog" from his wearing a grog or coat in bad weather.

GRUB STREET AUTHOR.

This term is generally applied to bad authors, the origin of which is:

A volume of the name of John Fox lived in Grub street, London, who compiled a book entitled 'Book of Martyrs, or Acts and Monuments of the Church," and this gave rise to the term from the fact of the Popish calling him, by way of contempt, the "Grub Street Author," and his work the "Grub Street Writings."

GUINEA.

Guineas were first introduced in the reign of Charles II., first issued in the year 1662. Other denominations of gold coin had long before been current, but these, the mint, distinctly to mark them as a new description of money, and in compliment of Sir Robert Holmes, received the appellation of Guineas from their having been made of the gold that brought from the coast of Guinea by that commander.

GUNS.

The art of making guns was discovered by a native of Cologne, in the year 1380, in the following manner: As this German was powdering brimstone in a mortar covered with a stone, which he struck with an iron pestle, a spark of fire falling amongst the powder caused such a flame to issue from the mortar that it raised the stone to a great height. Hereupon he made a pipe of iron, tempered the powder with some other ingredients, and charged the same therewith. The first who used these destructive weapons were the Venetians against the inhabitants of Genoa. It might perhaps have been well for the world in general had the inventor carried this cursed discovery to his grave.

GUNPOWDER.

Having given the origin of the cannon, the natural sequence is that we should therefore make the discovery of gunpowder; they had at least an equal equality as potent.

Learning that it chanced to that we now give the origin of its discovery as known to modern.

We use the discovery of this ingenious agent to a certain monk named Berthold Schwartz, 1294 at Freiburg, in Germany, or Constantine Anglicus, a native of Fribourg, in Germany, who made use of it by having put charcoal, saltpetre sulphur and charcoal in a mortar for some chemical preparation; a spark of fire so chanced to fall into the mixture that it exploded and the fragments scattered in all directions. The invention has been set down in the Middle Ages as the work of the devil, and not unjustly when in fact it was the result of prudent.

It is supposed that the finger bowls as English would have been known earlier in the year 2414 hours the ingredients of gunpowder long before but kept it a secret from common people; it is said that the inventor of the Latin word which signified charcoal, as to render the whole more easily intelligible. By this means it rendered it difficult for any one to discover the secret by the perusal of his works, and secured to himself the honor of the invention, if it should be discovered by any other person.

Rendered as we are to state correctly the date when the art of making gunpowder was first found out yet we are at fault when we attempt to attach a date as to its being employed to discharge fire-arms or other but it is evident that it was known from its being first made to its use in the field for it was considered as a remarkable instance of fortune as may be seen from the following item from the accounts of the treasurer of war, in the year 1338: "To Henry the Frenchman, for saltpetre, sulphur and other things necessary for the cannon at the siege of Puy Guillaume." In 1346 the English were compelled to raise the siege of Puy Guillaume. It was employed by the garrison. On consisted of two large "iron tubes," which they loaded with round pebbles. It was considered as a remarkable instance of good fortune that these pieces had resisted to discharge—proof that the art of manufacturing them in effect was unknown. Froissart tells us that when the English landed in Spain in 1370, they had four hundred cannon with them. This statement is somewhat at variance with Hume's detail in his History of England, where he seems to say that at the besieging of Orleans, in the reign of Henry VI., in the year 1428, that it might be reckoned among the first sieges where cannon was employed in Europe for the first time. Hume spoken of by the Froissart were hand cannons, which were carried by two persons and discharged by a third. The greatest of these pertains fracture were not used in France till the reign of Charles the VI. in Italy gunpowder was first used against the Genoese, by the Venetians, in 1380.

H.

HABEAS CORPUS.

This is the famous statute 31, Charles II. cap. 2. The appointment of an absolute individual, one Francis Jenks, gave rise to the famous Habeas Corpus act.

[See State Trials, vol. vii., anno 1676.]

HARDSHANDS.

A "Scotch" was a term formerly evidently given in England as a sort of such dress, and a person who made or sold such dresses was called a "Scotcher," and the word was sometimes "Scotcherhen." This is a mention. The world is from the German "Habt the fine," i. e., have you them? or from the French, to "have in hand." This idea is materially set by some of the old poets, or the lexicons:

"By up by her duty with heiter-hash ware."
"Ye up by her duty with heiter-hash ware."

HARVEST HOME.

A "harvest home" was a festival formerly held by the people of London, and the name has now descended to the country people. Brand, in his Popular Antiquities, tells us that it was originally a custom introduced by the Romans, and that in which the feast was supposed to be closed, and the last of the harvest was brought home in triumph, and the Saturnalia of Ancient Rome and Greece divides the supreme shows and crowned the entire harvest year, the supreme festival of the Romans, and the other of Athens, the origin of the Saturnalia, which theory is supposed to be a this, succeeding heathen called other.

"HEAR, HEAR!"

This phrase, originally "hear him," was first used in Parliament to remind members of the duty of listening to the speaker. It is now used to express what it now is, that is to say, a cry indicative, according to the tone of plaudits, of acquiescence, approval, or dissent.

HECAU'T KNAP A HOTEL.

A low slang phrase, applied to those who are and likely to be disappointed, or confounded in other. "You can't come it," is another, somewhat more extensive in its range. Literally has the same meaning. But what connection there is between the application and the subject to which it is applied, we are at a loss to imagine.

OUR FASHION CHAT.

Fashion and Art—The Various Fabrics That Have Appeared—Introduction of the Plain Dress—Corsages—Children's Dresses, Etc., Etc.

It was formerly only the artist, who, in reproducing on his canvas all the exquisite varieties of color nature designed by nature in her various forms, vividly delineated the tender hues of spring, the varied colors of the autumn leaves, or the rich, mellow tints of the fruition of leaf and flower, but the same artistic skill has been so vividly exercised in the weaving and coloring of the fabrics and materials with which Fashion has prepared for the coming seasons, it suggests the idea that the versatile and ingenious power of the loom is very closely allied to the prints of Art to have attained such supreme elegance and artistic results in her work. Examples of beauty in fabric and color are met with every where, and the admiration inspired by one article is quickly engrossed by the fascination of another, until one's decision is lost midst the bewildering and tempting variety; and it is only when the contents of our purses are considered, and the stern realities of dollars and cents recall the feminine mind back to the point of decision from which it was wandering, that the sum total substance of that which lies concealed in the meshes of one's purse becomes frequently the turning point of one's calculations, and a disappointment painfully illustrated. Then it becomes the dividing line between the charming fantasies of dress—an insurmountable barrier, beyond which the hand in the material object of desire.

I have described for my readers the various fabrics which have appeared for the season, the effective blending of various colors, which gleam in the sunlight with such brilliancy, and the graceful like gems in their setting, as well as the charming effect produced by the soft leathery tufts which cover the velvets, and the grain of the ribbed silks; the touches of frost in the atmosphere, when such warm, rich colored fabrics will be a necessity. The Bengaline is still a favorite, and is made effective in the form of plush in a melange of colors and brocades which sometimes show a rich, golden ground, with a delicate tracery of flowers in the light and cardinal to delicate figures, damasses and matelasses even in the cheaper grades of goods have the same effect of a raised surface and a charming coloring of different tints interwoven in the design.

Many of the costly materials in plush and brocades of silk or velvet are used for trimming, and in the fabrics for silk, serves to display, and the dress inserted in the skirt and trimmed panels, the addition of gallooms, fringes, or beads is not a necessity. Although very costly in price, if used in quantities, a yard or more could be very effectively used on a dress without much expense. I may add that the most beautiful of these rich fabrics, although elegant in material, are pose in style, a very stylish and handsome effect could be produced by the introduction of one of these rich brocaded silks or velvets in combination with the plain material. Dresses will also be largely used for trimming dresses, cut in the bias bands for the skirt, and forming the cuffs, vest and collar of the jacket or basque. Dresses with this material can be effectively used. This style can be adopted also with black materials, for the black matelasse and brocaded silks are very rich and effective as a trimming on black wool materials. The variety of materials are greater than the styles of dress for in the shapes and styles there is very little change. The costume now the semblance of the Princesse dress carried out in some form or other. There are always many a change, but no decided change in the making of dresses, which is adopting these modifications serves to give variety to the costumes. The short costume is predicted, and yet when it appears it retains sufficient length in the back to destroy its advantages for use as to be sure of one thing, that the long train and its various modifications will not be worn on promenade, but a length adopted for carriage or the parlor will be the most popular.

We also see a tendency shown in some of the new costumes, to introduce the plain dress, by the plain long polonaise, which is made to open over a plain skirt. The arrangement of drapery on skirts will retain the same flat look, while the side or panel trimming will be in favor, composed of two of lace fringe or some of the colored let so much in vogue.

In corsages, bloodings have gained great popularity, and are used in all the fabrics, where which is a square yoke. A very pretty effect is produced in the back by having the plaits in the form of a point, and the front and back of the front, but does not extend under the arms.

For children dresses there are but few change visible. A very practical model was in cloth, made with a plain skirt, over which was a long polonaise, with pockets, cuffs and collar of velvet. The skirt in the front buttoned up the side, and was sashed to form three tabs. The belt worn with this polonaise was of velvet, and the waist of the skirt was also trimmed with a narrow band of fur.

For little boys the most popular style is cut with a loose sack, and the back is fits into the figure loosely and extends below the waist to simulate a jacket, underneath which is worn a plain vest fastened. A sash is fastened at the side seams, just below the edge of the back, and tied in a large bow and ends, and the back is fitted and buttoned fastened in the centre by a fancy pin. The front is varied by the addition of trim with rows of lace or ruffles, which fall pointed down each side of the front to simulate a jacket and turning of towards the back, and continued the pocket flaps. For those who prefer the simpler style, the front is buttoned double-breasted, and the sash is fastened around the waist, right and left side, and three buttons in each tab a sailor collar of the same material, as the dress can be added, trimmed with lace, and the pants to be full length and knee front, but does not extend under the arms.

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Our readers will no doubt be surprised when we state that this expression, having the same meaning then as it has now, was used upwards of two thousand years ago. It is to be found in the celebrated entitled "Rudvens," we give the words and the explanation in a note which establishes the fact beyond a shadow of doubt. The words are those of the expression from this admirable comic poet, who flourished 972 B. C. Scene 13.—Pensones and Labrax. Then.—Do you keep close, and mind what I say. If the rogue offers to lift up a finger against me give him in head so as he shan't be able to find his way home.

Note.—"Give him his head," Si in tune let is inevitable.

The word invite is a term borrowed from feasts and treats, where there is hard drinking. This seemingly is the origin of the word, but it is possibly enough, since they have the same simplifying effects with drink. The prologue to this play was spoken by a god.

WE IS NO GREAT SHAKES—DERIVATION OF THIS PHRASE.

That is, he is of no great importance. The Saxon phrase it is he is know proved while here. Literally translated from the Saxon it is he is not a rich, or, more freely, he will not be found a wizard ready for all cases. Note the Saxon word here, which, in the Anglo-Saxon, is "Shaca," and signifies a goblow of enchantment.

Another, and a subtler is a more satisfactory construction of the origin, may a given in the following:

Of the hand of the heart is the index declaring.
If well or ill, how to master will stand.
Hence the phrase "He is no Shakespeare" or "He is no Shakes."

I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand."—Shaker, says Richardson, being a vulgarism, may, with propriety, be traced to the shaking of hands, the shake being considered a token of love. The value set upon the person giving it, and hence applied to the person.

Byron, in a letter addressed to Murray, his publisher, says:

"I had my hands full, and my head too, just then (when he wrote Werner and Parisina). So it can be no great shakes."

September 28, 1816.

HEATHEN.

From the Saxon-heathen, heden, in speech, the gabon or clumsy, and the Anglo-Saxon, hæthen, which signifies clumsy shoes and around us, like an immense arch or vault, in which are set up, as it were, the heavens, with the sun and moon to be moved about in them at certain times and seasons for the benefit of the people of London, and the names but now different from those of the Heathen Deities. Hence it was indeed and Amadan. His generally esteemed to the word hath.

HAUNTED CHAIR STORY.

In the year 1664, a certain Capt. Bally considered the idea of improving on the mode of city travelling. For that purpose he had a built several handsome coaches, which sent to Bray, and appointed them to start out at the May Pole (London) on the Strand, giving them liberty to travel in what side lanes they pleased, and to set down and take up passengers in any part of the city, where all day they could be found.

Other persons soon seeing this flocked to the same place, and performed their journeys at the same rate. Everybody was much pleased with the system, and encouraged it accordingly.

HAIR POWDER.

Hair powder was introduced by hatted singers at the fair of St. Germain, in the year 1614. In the beginning of the reign of George I. only two ladies in the kingdom powder in their hair, and they were painted out for their singularity. At the accession of George II. there were only two hair dressers in London. In the year 1763 it was calculated that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain 80,000 hair dressers, supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day, this, on an average, would amount to 10,350,000 pounds in one year, which would make 28,212,900 quarters bread, which at only 5d. per quarter, amounts to £196,342 in money. The statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair. Were a foreigner to write a volume of travels, he might describe the English as a people who wore three-penny loaves on their heads by way of ornament.

HALTON DAYS.

"There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
When she her nest upon the water lays."

—Drayton.

The halcyon, or King's fisher, a bird said to breed on the sea, and there is always a calm during her incubation. hence the expression halcyon days, for fine, quiet, still, and peaceful. Pliate says: "They lay and sit about midsummer when dates be shortest, and that time wishes to that they and breedle is called the halcyon days, for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicilie."

Hence the origin of the phrase.

HANDS OFF.

A vulgar phrase for "keep off, forbear.

HANGING IS SPRUNG.

Hanging in chains, which has become quite popular in this country in these days of political excitement, is an old French mode of punishment. It was practised in France, in cases where the criminal had made his escape from custody after being condemned to death. An effigy of the doomed man was placed in his stead after his escape, and on which, at the time named in the sentence, it was conveyed to the place of execution, and there, with all due form of a man hanging, suspended by the neck from the gallows.

There are two famous cases of this kind on record, one of which occurred in the twelfth century, in the reign of Louis the Fat and the other in 1662 during the reign of Louis XIV., the first case referring to execution for treason, and the other for taking part in a notorious duel. The French Republic, after the Revolution had a case in point, but without resorting for it the posting in public the name of the guilty party.

By England it has long been the custom to hang Guy Fawkes in effigy on every anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, and unpopular public men are there, as here, frequently treated to a hanging in effigy before their own doors.

HARE SKELL.

Former epithet of the National Democrats in the State of New York. When Mr. Bench was Governor, the Democratic party was known as the Hunkers and Barnburners. The latter supported Van Buren for President in 1848; the former voted for Gen. Cass. Two years after and the two factions united under the auspices of Gov. Marcy, Horatio Seymour, John Parykes, and other 'Old Hunkers." Francis B. Cutting, Edwin Cromwell, Daniel S. Dickinson, Samuel Brady, and others, opposed this union, and were denominated for their uncompromising course "Hard Shells."

HARE LIPPED.

A term frequently used by the poet man when struggling to provide for a starving family. "Indeed sir," exclaimed a beggar to us, "it is hard times for us." The term is a corruption of harelipped, and is derived from the lines in front of the enemy before the origin. "Hard up" is used in the same sense, imply ing distress and poverty.

The phrase has its origin in a passage of Holy writ, Psalm xxi. 6.

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places: Yea, I have a good heritage."

HEAD AND TAIL.

It used adjectively for giddy, thoughtless. The sir ithonti portion seems to be scarce, from the verb to work, as a "headstrong person" is one who acts wilfully, as if he scared, or as to scare others by his thoughtless violence.

HATS.

The practice of wearing hats commenced in the western parts of Europe about the year 1400. Father Daniel says that when Charles King Charles II made his first entry into Rouen in 1449, he had on a hats found with red velvet and surmounted with a plume or tuft of feathers.

HAULING OVER THE COALS

originated in the following manner: When Saxons extorted money from Jews by means of torture. The most usual modus operandi seems to have been to heat a large caldron red hot, and then to threaten to throw it boiling over the coals. (See Ivanhoe, by Walter Scott.

HEADS OR TAILS

This sport is undoubtedly alluded to by Macrobius in his Saturnalia, lib. i. c. 7. "Cum puer decurtato in cubitum capita aut Natus, lusu nostro vetustate exclamabat."

HE CANNOT HARM HIS SALT.

Generally applied to those who, either from laziness or disciplined habits, are unable to earn their bread. Literally, he cannot hurt his salt—a term of origin being familiar to the ancients some fifteen hundred years ago. By them it was expressed thus in the Latin tongue:

HE HAS THE WISDOM NOW BY THE EAR.

This rather vulgar phrase was in use long before King Henry the Eighth's time. It is supposed to owe its, when Cranmer's opinion was told him, regarding the practicability of a divorce from his wife Catherine, and that wily priest simply said, "Can a man marry his brother's widow?" When this was mentioned to the king, he replied in the affirmative